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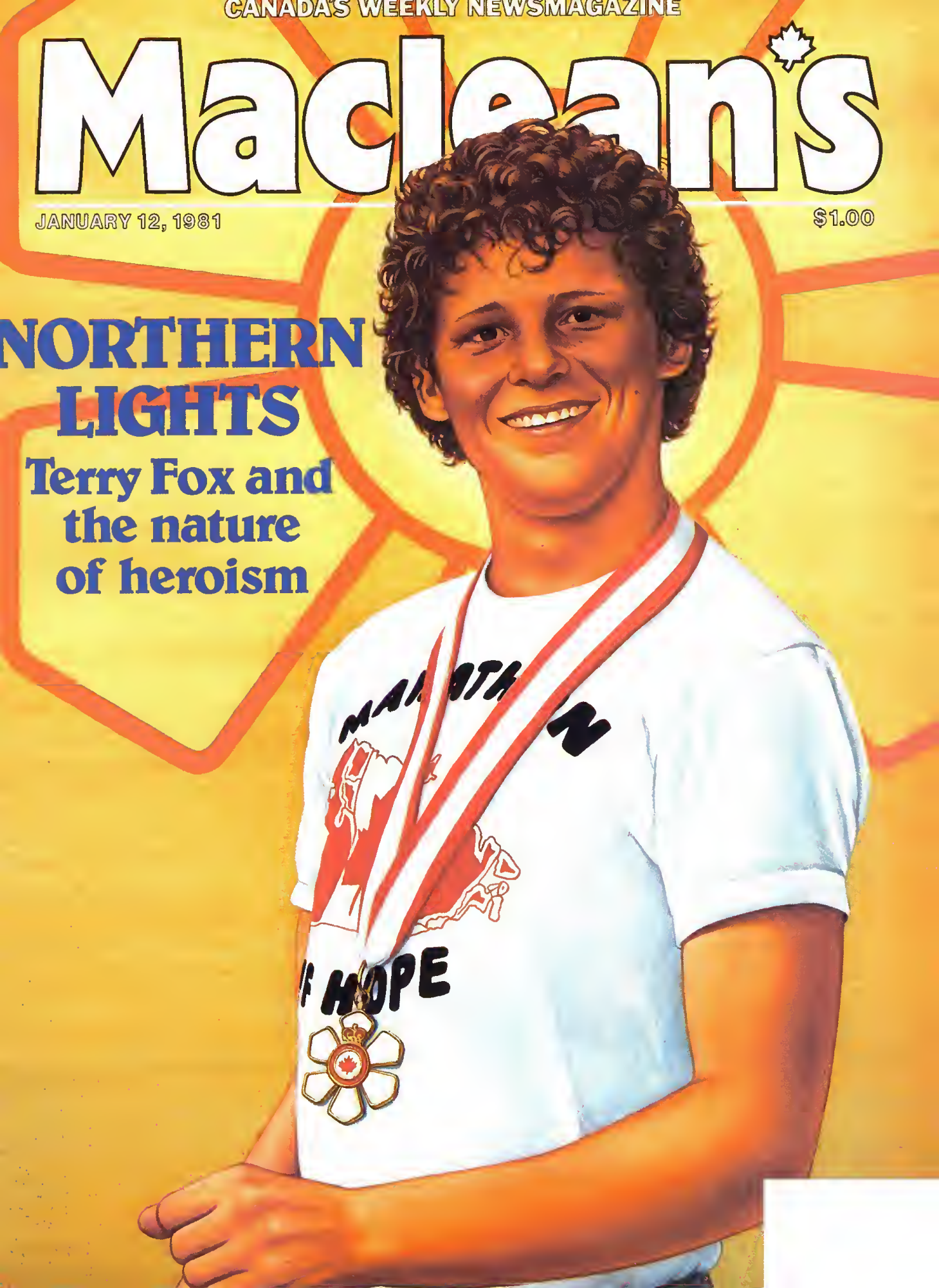
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NORTHERN LIGHTS

Terry Fox and the nature of heroism



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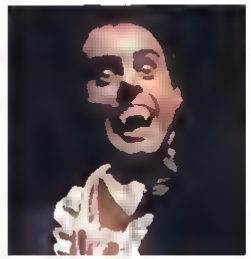
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COVER STORY

Northern lights

A hero serves best when he brings people together and, though heroes appear rarely, Canada had two of them in 1980—Terry Fox, whose marathon of hope was an exemplary act of courage, and Ken Taylor, whose escape caper made him an overnight celebrity. But throughout history, Canadians have not lacked inspiring examples of bravery either in war or peace —*Page 28*



Up to bat

Actor Richard Monette draws fire at Stratford and blood as Count Dracula —*Page 27*



Party or principle

Trudeau wants to patriate the BNA Act and the Quebec Liberal wing is in turmoil —*Page 18*



Himalayan mountain high

The tumultuous rivers of the Himalayas are attracting adventurers in kayaks —*Page 50*



On the hustle

Indonesia struggles with chronic corruption and poverty amid great wealth —*Page 21*

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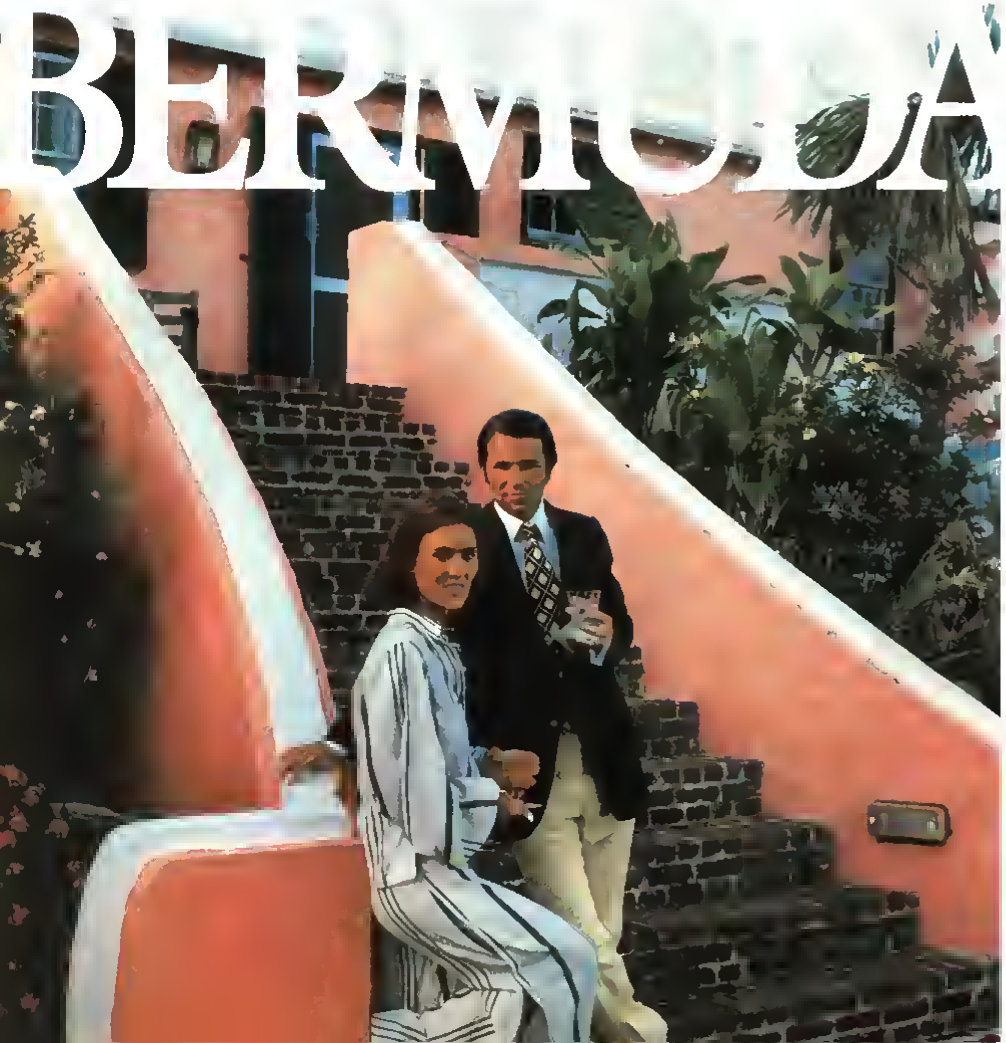
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EDITORIAL



Yankee heroes rise and fall but ours have the stuff of grandeur

By Peter C. Newman

Heroes reflect the countries that anoint them. Europe and South America tend to specialize in leaders who spend most of their time on palace balconies, waving at befuddled mobs. The United Kingdom has been reduced to resurrecting figures from the past who carried out that mandate from heaven that was the British Empire, worshipping the generals, admirals and crafty traders who ran the world when most of the five continents were tinted red. The Americans, requiring heroes as a constant reminder of their capacity for love, manufacture idols as quickly as they tear them down.

This tendency to whip up adolescent crushes and cravings over even the most mundane public figures is emphasized by *Time*'s choice of Ronald Reagan as its Man of the Year. Reagan, who may or may not turn out to be a passable president, is portrayed as a mixture of John Wayne and Mother Teresa.

The magazine's gushy cover story paints Reagan's face as "ruddy, in bloom, growing younger by the second" and his voice as having been "decorated by a florist." That a voting majority of Reagan's four kids hardly speak to him is dismissed by the assertion that he "gets along better with grown-ups" and, anyway, "Reagan bears much of the aspect of an adorable child himself."

Maclean's choice as Canada's hero of 1980 is very different. Terry Fox, the young athlete who hobbled his way across half the country and into all our hearts during last summer's dogged marathon (page 28). His solitary ordeal raised our spirits because he tried—with the stubbornness that makes survival the dominant strain in the Canadian character—to overcome the insurmountable. Few will forget seeing him on his abruptly curtailed journey from sea to sea. Watching Terry run made people look at their own lives and problems with fresh perspective.

Canadians don't have nearly enough heroes. Most of our explorers came from somewhere else, our few military heroes fought mainly on foreign soil. Everyone should have his or her own list of candidates for hero-worship—people who seem to be charged with some special force that we lack, yet desire.

The political theorist Hannah Arendt caught this phenomenon in her preface to *Men in Dark Times*. "Even in the darkest of times," she wrote, "we have the right to expect some illumination. It may well come less from theories and concepts than from the uncertain flickering and often weak light that some men and women, in their lives and works, will kindle and shed over the time span given them on earth."

I'll take Terry Fox over Ronald Reagan, any day.

Maclean's JAN. 12, 1981

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BACKSTAGE: WASHINGTON

Who runs the Reagan show?



The largest, most expensive transition apparatus ever assembled

By Michael Posner

A presidential transition is an awkward beast at best, but the creature now slumping down Pennsylvania Avenue toward Ronald Reagan's White House has become a behemoth. Fractious when provoked, and so vast its hind seldom acts in concert with its head, the provisional government has caused several moments of acute embarrassment for the president-elect. If its errant behavior is a clue to the true character of the incoming administration, the next four years may be long indeed.

Operating out of a nondescript building in downtown Washington, it is the largest, most expensive transition apparatus ever assembled. At last word, more than 1,000 professionals and volunteers—the exact number seems to swell by the hour—have been organized into one of those multi-tiered contraptions that would be the envy of bureaucrats everywhere. These fellows do not like to see good money wasting away in their pockets. So far they have managed not to waste $2 million, and they are hoping not to waste a million more. Allowing 10 weeks for the transitional effort, that computes at roughly $300,000 a week, or $125 a minute. The nation has not witnessed such a display of waste-consciousness in quite a long time. Alas, a mere $2 million may not buy all that it once did, as a transition committee spokesman says, but this profligacy does absolutely nothing to inspire confidence in Reagan's commitment to budget cutting.



Reagan: at least he met the meat

What exactly are they doing with all that money? Well, they are taking a kind of post-season inventory, wandering through the warehouses of the Carter administration, picking through assorted bins and vats, determining just who is worth keeping and who must be discarded. This latter option is not nearly as heartless as it might appear, since the discarded soon become fixtures on the college-lecture and memoir-promotion circuits. Meanwhile, virtually every government department and agency has a transition unit assigned to it. Infused with the righteousness of victory, they have been busy preparing position papers on what Ronald Reagan must immediately do about problems from here to the Solomon Islands. Inevitably, these zealots have spewed forth so much paper that yet another task force is needed, simply to separate sense from nonsense. The Reagan team has encountered some natural resistance from the Carter people, but the more intriguing wars are being fought within the transition team itself. This is the Battle of the Big Medulla, otherwise known as the fight for Ronald Reagan's brain.

At one point, for example, some enterprising hard-line conservatives took it upon themselves to leak confidential state department cables from the U.S. ambassador in Moscow, Thomas Watson, reporting on Sen. Charles Percy's recent talks at the Kremlin. The cables had Percy telling Moscow he thought Yasser Arafat deserved a state to call his own, if only for his dotage—a viewpoint not likely to endear the new Senate foreign relations committee chairman to the Reagan inner circle, which has been faithfully pro-Israel. Like feuding Mafia families, these internecine rivalries are leaving fresh blood all over the capital.

The impression all of this creates is of a lurching giant, somewhat out of control. At first Percy's Moscow mission was "co-ordinated" with the transition team, then the cables were released and suddenly he had only "conferred" with the president-elect. One cabinet-designate urged Reagan to declare an economic state of emergency upon assuming office; another promptly said he doubted the wisdom of that idea. The problem is no one is sure who speaks for Reagan himself—therefore, everyone does. And everyone is rarely able to agree.

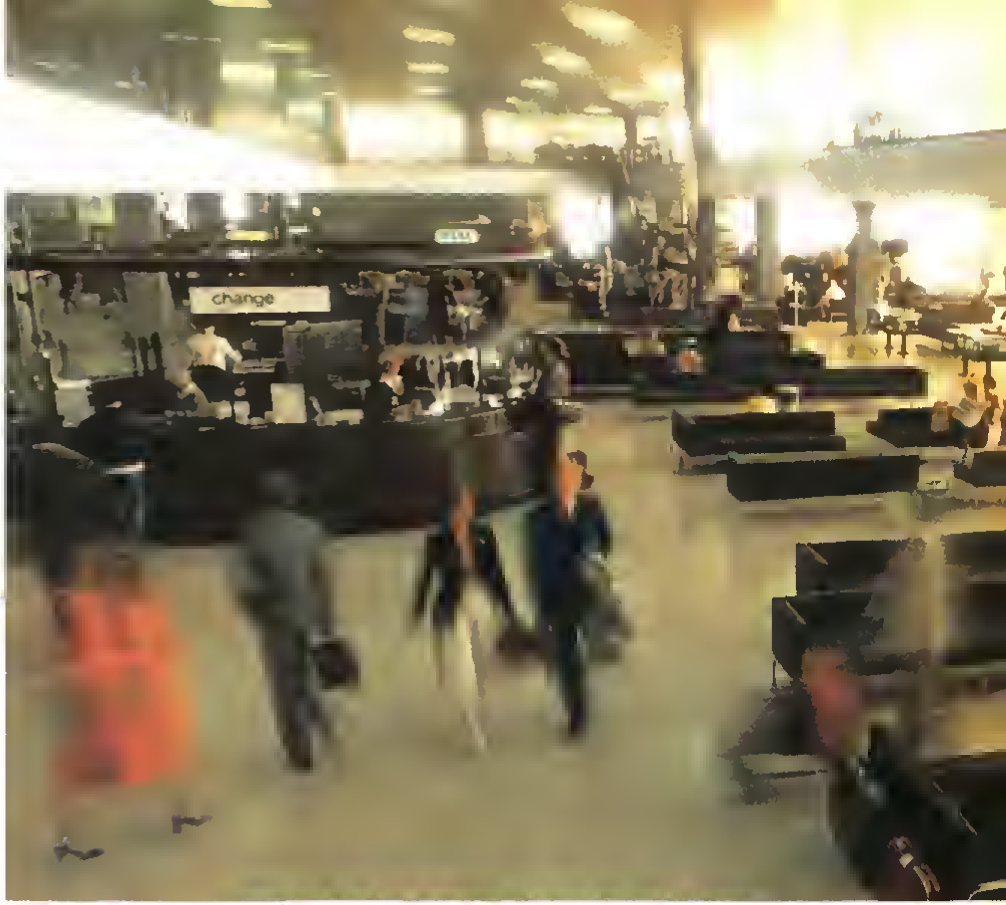
Reagan himself has been disturbingly removed from the process—almost incommunicado. Apart from two brisk public relations tours of the capital, he has spent most of this hiatus in California. His chief adjutant, Edwin Meese III, has assured Americans that Reagan—"the governor"—is very much involved in the transition, conferring with key aides and advisers. This may well be true, it just seems otherwise.

The visible part of Reagan's schedule has so far included trips to his Los Angeles barber, ear doctor and tailor (to be fitted for his inaugural morning suit), and another to a nearby meat locker to select steak for his ranch. It would be unfair to suggest that he spends more time choosing between filets than he did between cabinet members, but at least he met the prime cuts face to face, something he reportedly never did with Donald Regan, the man finally chosen as secretary of the treasury.

Choosing the rest of the cabinet has been a no less confusing system. First, the name is released to the press. Then the appointment is announced, unofficially. If no one objects, it is confirmed and the subject turns up at a news conference in order, it seems, to avoid answering questions. If someone objects strenuously to the appointment, as in the case of Alexander Haig, it will be confirmed anyway, lest Reagan appear easily intimidated. Reagan's aloofness from the process suggests that he is not in control. On the contrary, it sometimes seems as if he is the hired hand, employed to hitch up his blue jeans and look sheepish, except when talking about Iran, when it is important to look firm.

It is not enough to be told that Reagan is really running the show, even if Reagan is doing the telling. He must be seen to be running it. So far, the show seems to be doing a pretty convincing job of running him.

Michael Posner is Maclean's *Washington bureau chief*



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PODIUM

Who's come a long way, baby?



'Is outside work a mother's reward after she has done everything else?'

By Susan Altschul

The Year of the Child was 1979, so my husband and I celebrated by having a baby. Now, one tax year later, I've discovered that working mothers are a victimized minority in Canadian society, and that our government is denying us the chance to compete in the business world on the same basis as fathers.

Few people would dare openly advocate that female workers leave the labor force in order to make way for unemployed men, but let's look at what is really happening:

—44.5 per cent of Canadian mothers work,

—those mothers make up 16.1 per cent of the Canadian labor force,

—Canadian working women earned an average of $10,098 in 1978.

It is estimated that day-care costs range from $2,500 per year per child for day-care centre fees to $6,000 per year for in-the-home private baby-sitting. But the federal government allows a tax deduction of only $1,000 per year per child (up to $4,000 for a maximum of four children) for child-care expenses to working mothers. (Single fathers are allowed more!)



CHARLES JAFFE

Following an examination of my own expenses and of those of my friends and colleagues who have children, I concluded that a mother who is not eligible for social assistance and who contributes to household expenses has to generate $8,500 of aftertax income for those expenses ($6,000 for day care and $2,500 for household contribution) before she can treat herself to a lipstick, let alone clothes or lunches. Family allowance, at $234.39 (taxable) per child per annum, doesn't help much. In a continent year it pays for disposable diapers.

In addition to economic factors, there are other burdens that have to be assumed by the working mother. For instance, a mother may not be able to work overtime because the baby-sitter's hours are fixed. She may have to pick up her children from school, which means leaving work early. Tied to other people's rigid schedules, she is obviously not available for a wide range of jobs.

The conclusion is inevitable: a mother who works for economic reasons alone is making a mistake. By and large, Canadian mothers cannot afford the luxury of working, and those who continue to do so are paying a high price.

At the same time, we are bombarded with propaganda about the merits of breast-feeding and with pronouncements about how small children suffer when the mother works. Everyone is now telling me to stay home, and I am beginning to ask why. No one tells fathers to stay home, although they are parents too. Why not penalize both parents for having children?

Can there be any link between the Canadian unemployment figures of 7.3 per cent and the disincentive to working mothers? Can we make a link between times of relative high unemployment and the reversion to "traditional" views of motherhood? Could feminist author Kate Millett have been right when she wrote in her book *Sexual Politics*: "In modern capitalist countries women function as a reserve labor force, enlisted in times of war and expansion and discharged in times of peace and recession?" In wartime, of course, women are launched into jobs on the home front, while the men are off fighting. Baby formula, a product of the '40s, liberated thousands of mothers from the time constraints of breast-feeding. Processed foods and disposable diapers were the hallmark of the modern mother, and yet it now seems that the pendulum has swung right back. Just a short while ago I read an article in which an accountant described how she took her six-month-old son with her on business trips, rising at 6 a.m. to give him his early feeding and to express the milk for the sitter to feed him for the rest of the day. Is this liberation?

Is a woman with children permitted to work only after she has discharged all her other duties? Is outside work the reward a busy mother looks forward to after she has done everything else?

This simply is not fair. Canadian women work in order to help support their families, as do men. And let us not forget that they are also creating jobs for baby-sitters.

Why isn't our government providing real help to working mothers, by allowing full tax deductions for child care, by providing adequate day-care facilities and by restructuring working hours?

Don't tell me that having children is a personal decision, and that the state should not be involved with the care of those children. It's a personal decision for fathers too, and some of those fathers (not to mention a few mothers) are sitting in Parliament, making state policy. And don't tell me that child care is low on the list of Canadian priorities, because my answer is this: either we stop working and remove both ourselves and the baby-sitters from the labor force, or we stop having babies and remove the politicians from the labor force, since in about 90 years there will be no more Canadians left to make policy for.

Anatomy is not necessarily destiny, and many Canadian women who happen to have children could also make enormous contributions to Canada's gross national product, to its cultural future and to the tax coffers.

I cannot help thinking that a truly liberated society would permit female human beings to choose their destiny as males do, that is, without having to weigh in the extra burden of child care.

Susan Altschul is a lawyer and lecturer at Montreal's Concordia University.

FOLLOW-UP

Fallout from the sexual revolution

The words combine perfectly—sex and Sweden. A mythology was born during the sexual revolution of the 1960s in which Sweden became the promised land of eroticism, a sexual paradise inhabited by impeccably healthy blondes governed only by the laws of pleasure. But if the world at large still attaches such images to Sweden, Swedes themselves are confronting a welter of social problems caused partly by the libidinous years. the accounting is not pleasant.

Few countries have tried as hard as Sweden to take the state out of the bedrooms of the nation in the past 20 years. Prostitution is legal, as is pornography (except child pornography). Abortion is free on demand, courses on sexuality begin with seven-year-olds and contraceptives are given away in numerous youth clinics.

"We were fighting against dark, traditional values of the church, the family, old morals and institutions," says Rita Liljeström, 52, speaking of the revolution in the '60s and early '70s. She is a sociologist well-known in Sweden for her work in the field of human relations. "Sexuality was seen as the key to a different political society. But now there seems to be a new debate: the feeling that we gained a lot but that we lost, too." Liljeström, in fact, denounces the sexual revolution as a pseudo-liberation that has left men and women even

Sweden in the '60s: distress signals



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more alienated than before. She speaks of the current "erotic warfare" in which "sexual invalids" substitute games of one-upmanship for relationships.

Another dissenter is Hans Nestius, a leader during the '60s in the campaigns against censorship and for legal abortion. Now president of the Swedish Association for Sex Education, Nestius condemns pornography and prostitution, which he connects with rape, since they involve buying and manipulating women. The mechanical and depersonalized version of sex in the porno magazines, he says, "show fast encounters that demand no commitment or involvement," and rob young people of the capacity for healthy relationships.

The sexual violence that is increasingly common in magazines and films is held to blame for a 60-per-cent increase in reported rapes from 1960 to 1978. Wife-battering, too, is increasing, as is alcoholism, which now affects one man in 10. Social problems are nothing new in Sweden, of course, where 44 years of Social Democratic rule (until 1976) has produced a cradle-to-grave welfare structure blamed endlessly for killing creative and individualistic impulses—as well as for indirectly causing the world's seventh-highest suicide rate. Now even the attendant economic boom, which gave Swedes one of the highest standards of living in the world, is being called into the re-evaluation of the sexual revolution. "The more commercialized a society becomes, the more you get your identity through buying, owning and using material things," says Dag Notini, a psychologist at the youth consulting bureau in Stockholm and a newspaper advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist on sexual affairs. "This has definite consequences on people's sexual behavior and attitudes. What people—especially young people—are complaining about is loneliness. There's a tremendous longing for closeness, and yet people show great fear of getting near."



MILLER SERVICES

Swedes at play: more alienated

Such distress signals abound in most industrialized countries, but the symptoms seem more acute in Sweden—certainly better documented. For instance, every other man, and three women out of four, will suffer some sort of mental dysfunction before the age of 60. The Swedes have the highest number of people seeking mental health counselling per capita in the world—99.7 per 1,000 inhabitants, vastly above the U.S. (30.4) and the U.K. (31.9).

Such sombre facts don't surprise Maj-Britt Bergström-Walan, a psychologist and director of the Swedish Institute for Sexual Research in Stockholm. The malaise shows up in her datebook—filled each day with appointments booked weeks in advance by both individuals and couples seeking sexual therapy. A friend and former student of American sex therapists Masters and Johnson, she says the most common angst among patients is a lack of sex drive. "For these people," says Bergström-Walan, "sex has lost its importance. It's no longer a priority. This condition is more widespread than most people realize." —ROBERT SARNER

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THIS CANADA

Booking down the road

Bringing the books to the people of rural Nova Scotia

By Fraser Sutherland

The Ford bus, painted off-white and purple, lumbers west on the Trans-Canada Highway, an anomalous beast roaring at the ochre winter landscape. At Salt Springs, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, the beast veers across marshland and rolling coniferous hills, bumps over potholes, hisses to a halt at a rural mailbox.

The bookmobile climbs higher into frost-rimmed woods, the mist rising. Weather has no effect on the clientele. "They'll often stand waiting in snowstorms," says Brown. At Gairloch ("Garlic") a sheep farmer in rubber boots, overalls and red plaid jacket takes out detective stories. A lady returns books and after she leaves, Brown reflects. "Those have been out since last May. There aren't fines on the bookmobile because people don't come to us, we go to them." Once, when a librarian protested that a book called *How to Learn to Play Guitar in Six Months* was overdue, the borrower snapped, "How can you expect me to learn it in three weeks?"



Pictou-Antigonish bookmobile, logging 48,000 km a year



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRASER SUTHERLAND

The bus is one of two Pictou-Antigonish Regional Library bookmobiles, and the two are among an estimated 110 bookmobiles in Canada.

Two ladies in parkas clamber aboard with bulging shopping bags. The first lady has left her card at home, the second can't find hers. They're forgiven and new books are checked out, the first of 143 that driver Gordon Brown and Ruth Fennell will dispense on this 14-stop run.

At first glance, bookmobiles are an economic absurdity. They get 10 to 16 km to the gallon. They cost $11,000 to log their 48,000 km a year, not counting depreciation and four staffers' salaries, and they need constant, expensive service and repair.

Fred Popowich, bookmobile services chief, wearily expects that such baleful statistics will appear when next year's library board must decide whether to cough up an estimated $35,000 to $40,000 to replace the more ancient of two vehicles in service. Make users go to town, someone will surely say. But in his effort to retain bookmobiles, Popowich can summon some statistics of his own. The bookmobiles run 200 days a year, service 12 schools (including one with 400 kids), 44 communities, and make hundreds of door-to-door stops in two sprawling counties. Borrowers file 200 specific book requests a week, more than those filed by five town branches of the regional library combined. "Requests," says Popowich, "range from one for a mortician's guide to a frantic phone call requesting suggestions for the handling of a bushel of mushrooms."

Under leaden skies threatening 13 cm of snow, Brown and another companion, Carolynn Jenkins, a tall brunette, steam east for a 260-km return trip around Cape Jack, Antigonish County. Crammed shelves make silent comments. *Beyond the Capes* says one title, *Salt Water, Fresh Water* says another. *The Magic Circle of Walden* and *The Prophet's Camel Bell. How to Build a Solar Heater* and *The Upholsterer's Bible*. Like book titles, place-names have their own poetry. Pictou-Antigonish bookmobiles serve Malignant Cove, Loch Katrine, Eureka, New France, Marshy Hope.

The bookmobile nudges the wind-whipped Canso Strait. On Cape Jack a young couple, Sonny and Betty Fraser, and their four-year-old daughter Alison search for records. Says Betty, "It's the children's only form of entertainment besides reading." A man shoos out his German shepherd; and former teacher Richard Gilbert hunts for gourmet cookbooks while Alex McKeough, the white-bearded neighbor who has been helping him work on his house, remarks, "Don't take too many books or we'll never finish the job." "I never take enough. I always run out of something to read," says Gilbert.

Havre Boucher's 69-year-old Laura Brow and her daughter Evelyn Pelrine feel the same way. They amiably heckle each other near the nurse romances. "I don't watch soap operas on TV," says Laura Brow, a sprightly, chatty woman. "Those soap operas, they just go on and on. But a book, now, that's diffarent. You get the whole picture."

Two hundred and twenty-eight books lighter, the bookmobile snakes toward library headquarters in New Glasgow. "Keep on Bookin'" says a poster taped to the checkout counter.

Explorer in a literary no-man's land

The latest candidate to lead Canadian publishing out of domestic backwaters



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

By Janet Marchant

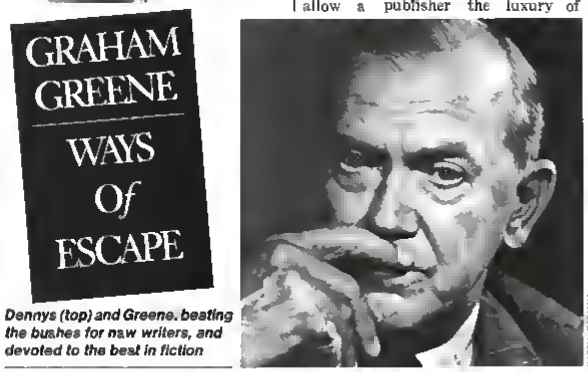
"Louise Dennys? Enormous grace and flair, great literary sensibility—absolutely marvelous" is the off-the-cuff evaluation by Juris Jurjevics, editor-in-chief of Dial Press in New York and veteran U.S. observer of the Canadian publishing scene.

The focal point of this tribute, an elongated, even-more-elfin version of Audrey Hepburn, is a national representative of a sort. She issues a ringing "yes" to two perennial questions in Canada's book publishing industry: will serious literature survive in a market dominated by commercial best sellers?, can Canadian publishing find a world market? At the moment, she and partner Malcolm Lester (of Lester & Orpen, Dennys) are basking in the critical acclaim for what they are billing as "the major international publishing event of the season" the simultaneous launch of the highly acclaimed *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places* in the U.S., England, France, Germany and Canada.

For Louise Dennys, *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places* is only the latest in a string of publishing coups that is turning heads in both literary and media circles. She is being called the person most likely to lead Canadian publishing out of its confining domestic backwaters and into the mainstream of world markets. Only 32 and an independent publisher less than five years (two with Malcolm Lester, a couple of months under her own imprint and 18 months in partnership with Toronto antiquarian bookseller Hugh Anson-Cartwright), she is now included in tallies of cultural power brokers and credited with "that extraordinarily rare commodity, editorial judgment." Canadian papers lavished yards of copy on the "international publishing event" she pulled off *last* season—the release of Graham Greene's memoirs, *Ways of Escape*. (She happens to be Greene's niece.) The media even gave good play to an obscure Dennys discovery. Czech-Canadian writer Josef Skvorecky, whose pair of novellas, *The Bass Saxophone*, became the first Canadian book to lead the Editor's Choice list of the *New York Times Book Review*.

Certainly one explanation for the turned heads is Dennys herself, with manners and accent right out of Noel Coward. As she serves tea (well brewed in a pot) and English biscuits at L&OD's new offices in Toronto, she smokes several elegant cigarettes and talks about Canadian publishing: "If a book is good enough to be published, it deserves to be known anywhere in the world," she declares with characteristic sweep. Thus, selling the rights for Canadian books internationally is "*unbelievably* important." With print runs of five to six times the normal Canadian size, she explains, the economies of scale allow a publisher the luxury of dealing in top-quality writing.

One reason Lester and Eve Orpen (a few months before Orpen's death) first talked to Dennys in 1978 was that they were developing an aggressive international thrust and Dennys, with her cosmopolitan contacts and finesse, would add strength to strength. They knew she had already sold the rights for *The Bass Saxophone* in the U.S. and England, and had even marketed a book of poetry (Richard Outram's *Turns*) in England, making it the first Canadian



KAREN OTTAWA

Dennys (top) and Greene, beating the bushes for new writers, and devoted to the best in fiction



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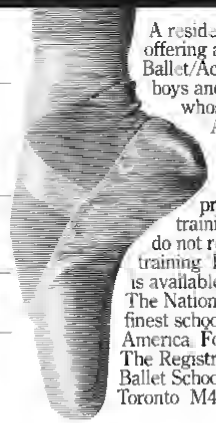
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book on the Hogarth Press Poetry List. As for her panache, bloodlines and breeding go a long way to explaining Dennys. She was born in Egypt, where her father (Rodney Dennys—one of the Queen's heralds) was head of British Intelligence in the Middle East, and she spent her childhood in Turkey and France. Her mother comes from a family of literati—there is Graham Greene, and most of her brothers and cousins are writers or publishers—in a line that goes back to Robert Louis Stevenson. With so many writers in the family, Dennys is glad she didn't set up as a publisher in England. "It might have been awkward." But the real reason she moved to Canada in 1972 was to be with Canadian film-maker Rick Young. "We're here forever now," she says. Why? "Because there's so much to open up for Canadian writers."

So far she has picked winners. Skvorecký, who won the $10,000 Neustadt International Prize for literature last spring (over writers such as Günter Grass), following the international exposure he got from Dennys' sales of *Saxophone* goes so far as to compare her to the late great American editor Maxwell Perkins, who nurtured the likes of Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe. Skvorecky had offered his book to Canadian and U.S. houses, all liked it but rejected it because it wasn't commercial, and because the translation would need work. Dennys saw enough in it to completely rework the text with the translator. "She's devoted to good fiction and she doesn't just treat you as a source of potential profit," he says.

"She has really beaten the bush looking for new writers," says Bill Hushion of Nelson Canada. Further, the company's focus on finding top-quality fiction has attracted high praise from Jurjevics. "They are *the* hope of Canadian publishing." Dennys and Lester have attracted a star-studded international lineup for this spring's International Fiction List—Jorge-Luis Borges, Italo Calvino and Jaroslav Hašek. About half the titles for the year's first list will be by Canadian authors.

Dennys often reads manuscripts until 2 or 3 a.m. "I think I live in a sort of bubble—I often spend 16 hours a day here, but I love it." Could she remember ever *not* reading? "Not actually, but what I do remember is being a tiny child in the bath and my mother telling me stories she would invent." Dennys still has the copy of Grimm's fairy tales she read when she was 4, and later there was a heavy diet of—H. Rider Haggard, John Buchan—"all those wonderful romantic adventure stories."

Those stories and her battle cry for the future—"fiction lives"—are two fundamental keys in understanding Louise Dennys. ✪

LETTERS

Too much of a bad thing

Although your article *The Dream of a Painless Threshold* (Medicine, Dec. 1) is generally very good, I must take strong exception to the author's liberal use of the word "terminal" in talking about sick people, and especially how he equates cancer with pain, dying and death. In my opinion, there is no such thing as a terminal illness or a terminal patient. Life itself is the one thing that is terminal. "Terminal" implies a factual statement, whereas it is no more than a symbol used to represent a highly inferential concept. To those who are easily influenced, a word such as terminal used by a professional becomes more dangerous than the illness itself. People often suffer needlessly or even die to live up to powerful expectations. Negative attitudes and words can, and do, kill. Let us terminate "terminal" as a prognosis and start using more positive, healing, life-promoting images.

—JOHN D. EVANS,
Thunder Bay, Ont.

Toronto the torpid

Allan Fotheringham's tongue-in-cheek column *An All-Day Sucker Signals the Sixties' Last Licks* (Nov. 24) both amused and saddened me. I have long been an admirer of John Sewell, as I am of anyone who has the inner fortitude to stand and be counted. However, as with other remnants of the '60s, I wonder why Sewell didn't learn to express his views more softly. In order to persuade the masses he was right. Instead, his unrepentant abrasiveness in the end worked against him. I find it sad that another radical voice has bitten the dust, especially in view of the fact that people generally tend to be turning to conservatism.

—BARBARA FOX,
Milton, Ont.

As a former Toronto municipal office clerk who worked in the office of the deposed mayor, John Sewell, I enjoyed Allan Fotheringham's insight. Toronto can now return to its former theme: the good, the bland and the ulcerous. Now that the breath of fresh air has been replaced with a "blue" (conservative) yawn, I realize I moved out in the nick of time.

—ANDY LESK,
Vancouver

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.



MCCOY ★ KEN STAR

Bodygram terminate the word terminal

No bad blood

Your article *A Battle of Flash and Blood* (Health, Nov. 10) implied that The Canadian Red Cross Society has wandered from relieving suffering and promoting health to self-aggrandizement and growth. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Red Cross's main concern is to supply Canadians with high-quality blood and blood products at the lowest possible price. In recent years we have been forced to buy specialized products outside Canada. Yes, we would like our own blood-processing or fractionation plant, and we do have a 32-month contract with a Californian company to process our blood plasma. In the interests of the Canadian public we felt that the Canadian laboratory, Connaught, should first prove its ability to produce AHF before giving them a contract. The Red Cross has been involved in first aid for many years. Our expansion will ensure that more Canadians know first aid and how to prevent unnecessary deaths. In lifeguarding, we have an amiable working relationship with the Royal Life Saving Society and we intend to maintain it. Our aim in recent years has been to improve our services and meet the needs of the public. Hopefully time will show the true altruism of our actions.

—H. WAYNE HANNA,
National Director of Programs, The Canadian Red Cross Society, Toronto

The WASP that wasn't

Allan Fotheringham's column (*It Hasn't Been Called The Establishment for Nothing*, Oct. 20) on the Canadian Establishment showed that he is hopelessly out of date and doesn't know what he is talking about. He says that J.A. (Bud) McDougald wouldn't accept Paul Desmarais on the board of Argus because he wasn't a WASP. That could hardly be the reason as neither was McDougald. While McDougald was undeniably white, he was neither Anglo-Saxon nor Protestant, being a purebred Scot and Roman Catholic.

—JOHN M. GODFREY,
The Senate of Canada, Ottawa

A wave of misrepresentation

I have been grossly misrepresented by your columnist, Barbara Amiel (*Freedom Is Not a One Way Street*, Dec. 8). Ms. Amiel makes it appear that I'm against the operation of the judicial system. This is so far from the truth that it's ludicrous. Either she wasn't present at the Ian Adams benefit at which I spoke, or her biased presentation is deliberate and malicious. What I in fact said was that the first people to

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go in any totalitarian take-over are writers, followed by lawyers, judges and trade union leaders. In other words, if a government can control free speech, fair trial and workers' bargaining, it can control almost everything else. My views on this matter are on record in several places, including *The Canadian Forum*, the *Amnesty International Bulletin* and the November issue of *Books in Canada*. Maybe Ms. Amiel thinks "free speech" means that anyone even remotely associated with a person or cause she dislikes deserves to be made to look as foolish as she can make her, even if the process requires misrepresentation by omission. My own position seems to me fairly simple and easily grasped, I do not think it would be perceived as "hysterical" except by someone whose, ahem, "mind-set" resembles a permanent wave.

—MARGARET ATWOOD
Toronto

In her article on Ian Adams, Barbara Amiel misrepresents the concerns of The Writers' Union of Canada and other writing and publishing organizations and she neglects to discuss key and unusual issues in the Bennett-Adams case. The Ian Adams Defence Committee did not suggest that individuals should be denied the right to sue for libel. Objections were to the threat to investigative writing presented by the court's demand of Adams to reveal sources. Unfortunately, Ms. Amiel's article does not grapple with the question of adequate protection for journalists and novelists to present information and issues to the public. This protection, germane to our modern concept of democracy, is cursorily dismissed. Ms. Amiel stated "freedom is not a one-way street ... simply to protect and help writers. It also protects and helps citizens—even ex-RCMP officers." What she neglects to inform is that in the Bennett-Adams case, freedom was a one-way street. Bennett was protected from revealing information to the court by the Official Secrets Act, while Adams was afforded no similar protection.

—HAROLD HORWOOD,
Chairman, The Writers' Union of Canada, Toronto

A man with no shame

I think that Allan Fotheringham has done a service in highlighting the dangerous character of Henry Kissinger (*Henry's Hushed Lessons in Escaping the Glue Pot*, Nov. 3). The answer, I believe, to Fotheringham's rhetorical question as to how Kissinger escaped the repercussions of Watergate is that, among other capabilities, the man can be without the slightest blush of shame.

—BEATRICE MCCREARY,
Toronto

A source of inspiration

Carroll Allen's protest to Bill C-32 as expressed in her article *Life Is Not a Bed of Patents* (Podium, Nov. 17) was excellent. It inspired me to clip it out and write to Mr. Whelan and my member of Parliament. I hope that it inspired others similarly. Congratulations on a very good piece of writing.

—ELIZABETH FLEMING,
Ottawa

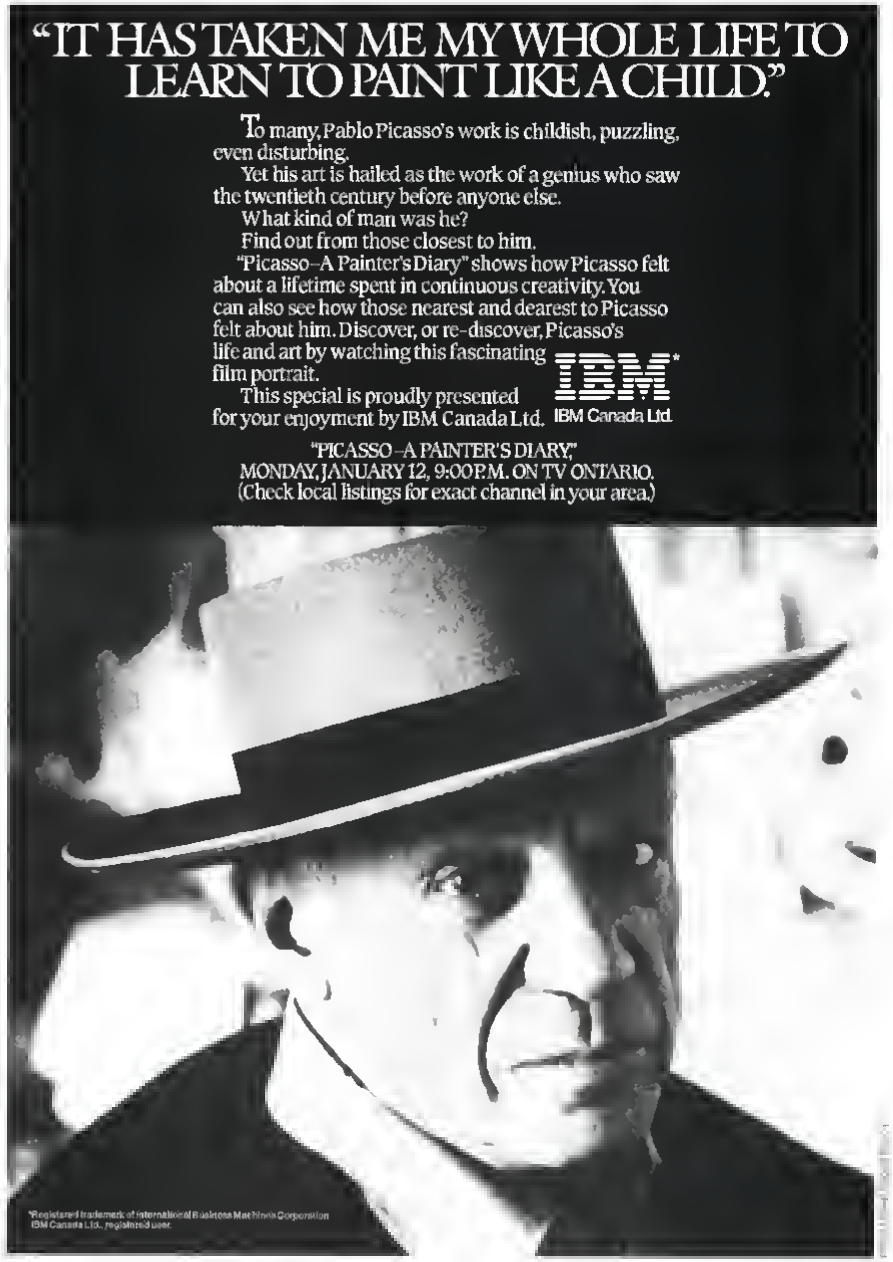
The tears of manhood

In your article *The War of the Worlds* (Canada, Nov. 24), Randy Smith was concerned about students who cried when they heard the announcement that the U.S. had declared war on Iran. I cried the day Canada went to war in September of 1939. It didn't bother me. Just a natural emotion. After five years overseas and at war's end, I cried again. Tell the students not to worry.

—LARRY MACDONALD,
Ottawa



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Love letters in the sand?

Maybe the coronation of the post office will work. And maybe it won't

Back in 1978, the nation suffered through its seemingly annual postal strike and the government vented its frustration by seeking the jailing of union leader Jean-Claude Parrot for fighting a back-to-work order by Parliament. Back from the economic summit in Bonn, with spending cuts to impose and civil servants to bash, Pierre Trudeau evoked the national mood on mail service during a televised address Aug. 1. Canadians "are increasingly fed up," the prime minister declared. "So am I." With that, Trudeau proposed a new Crown corporation "so that once again Canadians will have efficient, businesslike postal service."

If ever there was such an organization, memories of it must reside only in the nursing homes of the land. For latter-day users, the post office has become something of a national sick joke. Thefts, smashed parcels and two-week delivery on letters have propelled thriving private messenger services on the old appointed rounds of Canada Post. The annual deficit soared to more than $500 million in 1979. Undeterred, the reborn Liberals pressed on with a bill aimed at transforming the post office into a government corporation. After third reading in Parliament and royal assent, the legislation is expected to become law early this year. Whether anything much will change for users is one of the looming mysteries of 1981.

The bill is a popular item with the powerful postal unions. Now, under the Public Service Staff Relations Act, the postmen are prohibited from bargaining over work conditions such as technological change and staffing. Under the Canada Labor Code, the workers can place those issues on the table, as do railway workers and longshoremen. Parrot says his Canadian Union of Postal Workers, whose contract ran out Dec. 31, is negotiating as though the new law were already in effect. Under the old one, for instance, health and safety conditions are difficult to negotiate but would become more flexible under the labor code, and Parrot says this will be a pressing union demand because health and safety conditions in the post office are said to be the worst of any government department.

However, Treasury Board spokesman Paul Dunn says the board will proceed under the terms of the Public Service Staff Relations Act until bargaining under the Canada Labor Code becomes law. Given Parrot's position, that could mean labor trouble in 1981. But Parrot says the fact that the Crown corporation is coming has already improved labor-management relations in the post office. He expects them to improve further once the corporation is set up for the same reason that mail service should improve: post office management alone will be making the decisions, not the host of departments that

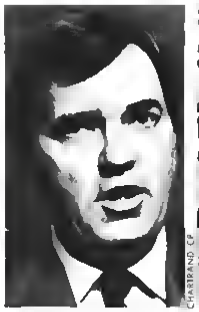








Computarized sorting at Toronto post office today (top) and scenes of yesteryear (hand-sorting, post office mail pickup and the city's first motorized postie), unloading an albatross





CHATBAND, CP

ALLAN, UPC

Postmester Ouellet; Postel Workers' Parrot (with wife, Louisette) at court for 1978 sentencing· no more nagging?

now must approve any step the post office takes, from collective bargaining (Treasury Board) to building new post offices (Public Works). The new corporation's board of directors will include labor representation, but Parrot says this will be token. "We're not going to be on the board ourselves. We don't believe in that. I can't become a messenger boy between the corporation and the workers."

While labor peace is no more assured with the posties under the Canada Labor Code, Bill C-42 is a handy device for the government to get an albatross from around its neck. The bill allows the cabinet to issue secret, binding policy instructions to the new corporation and to appoint an unlimited number of highly paid vice-presidents (a potential lodge for old party war-horses). But without ministerial responsibility for daily operations, there will be no more nagging in the Commons for answers in the daily question period, and probably not many midnight bargaining sessions between ministers and unionists.

The progress of the bill through the Commons took on added speed when Postmaster-General André Ouellet promised to accept amendments after a series of opposition objections. The most hotly contested provision would have allowed the new corporation a national monopoly on first-class mail, including electronic transmission. After provincial communications ministers added their protests, Ouellet undertook to exclude electronic communications. The minister further mollified parliamentary critics by offering to change wording in the bill that seemed to expand—not limit—opportunities for mail opening. The current law provides for convictions of people who "unlawfully" open mail, the new bill would have banned mail opening "except where there is a lawful excuse." Ouellet conceded that wording was open to misinterpretation.

Ouellet boldly promises that the law should bring about "a noticeable improvement in the post office administration, services and labor relations." The Consumer Association of Canada, in contrast, warns that provision is lacking to review postal rate increases and the quality of service, although the Canadian Transport Commission will have the power to review first-class postal rates. But the government is intent on encouraging the post office to fight back against the competition spawned by its own ineptitude. One vehicle is priority post, supposed to guarantee next-day delivery of packages in two dozen cities. However, in all its services the post office must operate under the burden of having to maintain unprofitable routes, unlike private carriers.

Since the strike in 1978, the post office has been showing telltale signs that it can get its act together. The deficit of $578 million three years ago was trimmed to $280 million for the fiscal year that ended last March 31. The 52,819-member work force is slightly below what it was in 1979. Buttons sported recently by posties have proclaimed A CROWN CORPORATION WILL DELIVER. Canadians can only hope that is not just another New Year's resolution. —BRENNAN CAMPBELL

McLuhan was the message

Above all, he was hope. From a walk-on in *Annie Hall* to a walk-away with the minds of many during the last two decades, Herbert Marshall McLuhan preached the faith that machines did not mean domination, that technology could be salvation. He died at 69 last week, one of those rare birds whose name, not just his views, had entered the language.

McLuhanisms they're called. "The medium is the message" and the "global village" are but two. And there was outrageous stuff. "Art is anything you can get away with." And the modest "They call me the prophet of the electric age, but I am merely an observer." An observer, however, with an inventor's originality, a painter's imagination, a humorist's wit and a scholar's mind.

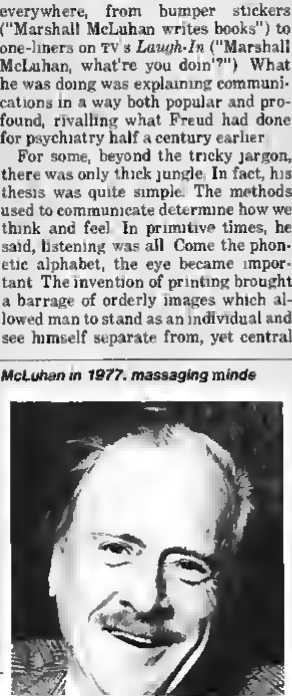
Edmonton-born, he became the author of a dozen books including *The Mechanical Bride, Understanding Media* and *The Medium is the Massage*. For 17 years he was director of the Centre for Culture and Technology at The University of Toronto where he was high priest to an age that worshipped few, massaging minds and making them grow, telling the world not only where it had been and where it was going, but what it all meant and how it all felt. His name was everywhere, from bumper stickers ("Marshall McLuhan writes books") to one-liners on TV's *Laugh-In* ("Marshall McLuhan, what're you doin'?"). What he was doing was explaining communications in a way both popular and profound, rivalling what Freud had done for psychiatry half a century earlier.

For some, beyond the tricky jargon, there was only thick jungle. In fact, his thesis was quite simple. The methods used to communicate determine how we think and feel. In primitive times, he said, listening was all. Come the phonetic alphabet, the eye became important. The invention of printing brought a barrage of orderly images which allowed man to stand as an individual and see himself separate from, yet central to, his surroundings. Today, a new and electronic revolution dominated by the telephone, computer and television has restored the ear's importance. Thus, he argued, a society of individuals becomes a vast tribal community, a "global village", with television the "cool" medium actively engaging the viewer and print the "hot" medium encouraging detachment.

It was journalist Tom Wolfe who asked puckishly in 1965 "What if he is right?" and the debate continues whether he was a charlatan wordsmith or a charismatic wonder. He did, however, make people reach beyond themselves with his free-association performances pirouetting across religion, novels, film, science and history as he washed over audiences, a one-man multi-sensory happening.

His last public appearance, a month before his death, was to promote the book of a favorite avante-garde Dutch artist, Karel Appel. McLuhan had written the foreword but was not sufficiently recovered from a 1979 stroke to autograph copies. Nor did he speak, transmitting his enthusiasm for the nearby Appel only through his dancing eyes. Even near the end, the man who told the world so much about communicating, didn't communicate in any ordinary way. No matter. He rarely had. Besides, he'd already told the world more than it would ever fully understand. —RODERICK MCQUEEN

McLuhan in 1977. massaging minde



The North

Talking back to talking heads

Canada's newest TV network has produced its first spectacular—a four hour Christmas special seen exclusively in six communities scattered hundreds of kilometres apart across the Eastern Arctic. There on the screen was old Simon Qunangnaq reminiscing back 30 years when he came in off the land by dog team to spend his first Christmas in a settlement. He had never seen so many people in one place before, singing and dancing and joining in running games and dog-team races after church. Each community on the network contributed parts of the show. Qunangnaq's story came from Baker Lake, N.W.T., the people of Eskimo Point recorded an Anglican Church service, children in Igloolik acted out a traditional Inuit legend, youngsters in Cambridge Bay sang carols while Frobisher Bay staged a parade and a puppet show called *The Martians Discover the Fabulous Frivolities of Frobisher Bay*.

The network, called Inukshuk, is run by the Inuit for an exclusively Inuit audience in their own language, Inuktitut, 16½ hours a week. And while "two-way TV" is something southern Canadians are merely being promised, the Inuit of the Eastern Arctic already have it. Inukshuk's subscribers can talk back to the talking heads on their TV sets, join in panel discussions and offer their own suggestions to cookery experts. All programming is transmitted from Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island via the Anik B satellite to ground stations in six Arctic communities (the sixth is Pond Inlet). Visual program material from the outlying settlements, on film or videotape, is shipped by air to Frobisher for broadcast, but viewers in the other five communities can talk back and forth to each other simply by gathering in their local community halls equipped with large TV screens and microphones plugged into Inukshuk's two-way audio system. There they can hold "town meetings of the air" and participate in educational classes and how-to demonstrations. People who don't go to the community hall can see and hear it all on home TV sets, though they can't join in. Thanks to the novel hookup, Josiah Kadlutsiak of Igloolik's Hunters and Trappers Association recently called a meeting of all six settlements to discuss ways of setting hunting quotas for polar bears and narwhals.

When programming was beginning last fall, "people were so fascinated with the two-way equipment they came out to watch our tests," says program co-ordinator Debbie Delancy at Frobisher headquarters. "Recently they have become more critical. If a group issues an invitation to others to meet over Inukshuk, people insist on an agenda, they want to be prepared and not waste time." For the new year, Inukshuk is planning a series of cooking and nutrition shows using caribou, ptarmigan and Arctic char. A series on Inuit land claims developments is also in the works.

For eight years, residents of these same Arctic communities have been able to watch CBC-fed programs from *The National* to *M*A*S*H* thanks to licensed "dish" receivers tuned to Canada's original Anik A satellite, high over the equator. Despite some added "Inuit content," community leaders haven't been too happy with this invasion of southern culture. One settlement, Igloolik, refused to accept television (it also turned down a liquor store) until the coming of the new Arctic-only network. Project Inukshuk was first proposed and is now operated by the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada (ITC), which represents the cultural and land claims of the northern people. "We knew television was in the North to stay," says ITC's John Amagoalik. "We wanted to use it to look at ourselves, to see where we came from, to understand the present, to understand the world from our own perspective." When the department of communications granted satellite time for experimental projects, the ITC made its bid for Inukshuk. The three-year project is funded by Ottawa to the tune of $1.9 million.

While Inukshuk avoids lotteries and game shows, it did hold one big-prize contest before it began operations—to choose a name. The winning name, Inukshuk, describes a traditional stone-pile signpost used by nomadic Inuit to point the way home and to hunting grounds—a primitive communications symbol given imaginative electronic dimensions for a new Arctic age. —ANNA PRODANOU



GEORGE PRODANOU



PRODANOU

Baker Lake TV dish end technician monitoring signal from Anik B· by end for the Inuit, without game shows

The party or the principle

In Liberal Ottawa, where conformity is prized, the mavericks are few

By Susan Riley

Something dreadful happens to most members of Parliament after prolonged exposure to Ottawa. The ideological roses leave their cheeks, moral indignation is smothered in the dust of countless documents and reports and, after so many hours spent squinting at the tiny print, most lose their ability to see the larger world. Intellectual independence is routinely sacrificed to party line and, because Ottawa—like any large bureaucracy—prizes conformity above all else, appealing quirks of behavior and speech are ironed out as emphatically as hot tar on a roadway. Anyone who dares rebel is treated harshly. He becomes a pariah in his or her own party, the subject of condescending sympathy from the opposition and, after a moment of infamy, is largely ignored by the national media. Jack Horner, Paul Hellyer, James Richardson, Walter Gordon—recent Canadian history is replete with the names of men who wrecked their political futures by refusing to be team players or by tossing aside longtime party membership for independent status or new political stripes.

Nowhere has this homogenization been more evident than in the Liberals' large Quebec caucus, as exemplary a flock of sheep as ever grazed at the feet of power. But that characterization could be changing rapidly. Pierre Trudeau's controversial move to bring home the constitution has thrown the flock into a tizzy, incredibly, some of the PM's most spirited opposition these days is coming from *within* his own party, in particular from the Quebec wing. Liberals being Liberals, and Ottawa being Ottawa, it may well be the disagreements will be smoothed over by February, when the amended constitutional resolution is back before the Commons. But for a number of Quebec MPs, the constitution is more than just another dry game of strategy—it is a question of conscience. "This is torturing me," says back-bencher Jean Lapierre. "It isn't just a political decision. It is nonpartisan, it is larger than that."

One of the most troubled—and most interesting—of these Quebec MPs is Serge Joyal, the dapper, almost delicate, member from Montreal's east end. The 35-year-old lawyer, and onetime ostracized maverick, has emerged from the back-benches to rave reviews as co-chairman of Parliament's most glamorous committee—the joint Senate Commons hearing on the constitution. His rehabilitation was more by accident than design—the result of a comic, historical feud between the Liberals' first choices, Senator Maurice Lamontagne and the redoubtable Bryce Mackasey. When a miffed Lamontagne refused to share a television screen with his old enemy, the Liberals turned in desperation to the affable, if somewhat anachronistic, Senator Harry Hays* and to their most talented black sheep, Serge Joyal. Joyal's deftness at handling acrimonious procedural disputes, his even-handedness (siding with the Tories, for instance, against the committee's Liberal hit man, Senator Jack Austin) and his deep courtesy to witnesses have earned him widespread respect.



Joyal: dapper, delicate and rehabilitated

**At the constitutional committee hearings last November, Senator Hays told two women's groups: "I'm just wondering why we don't have a section in here about babies and children. ... All you girls will be out working and we're not going to have anybody to look after them."*

Joyal's original sin was monumental politically. In 1976, he—along with his close friend, the moody, bright and attractive Pierre De Bané, now minister of regional and economic expansion, Quebec City area back-bencher Louis Duclos and former cabinet minister Jean Marchand—broke publicly with Trudeau and the cabinet to support the Gens de l'Air, the Quebec air traffic controllers' union, in the bitter dispute over the language of the airways. Overnight, he became, in the words of Montreal city councillor Nick Auf der Maur, "a national hero in Quebec, like Marilyn Bell did in English Canada when she swam Lake Ontario." But in Ottawa, Joyal was sent straight to his room—no supper, no promotion—and, notwithstanding a superior mind and glistening academic record, was left to languish politically and to indulge his other great love, the arts.

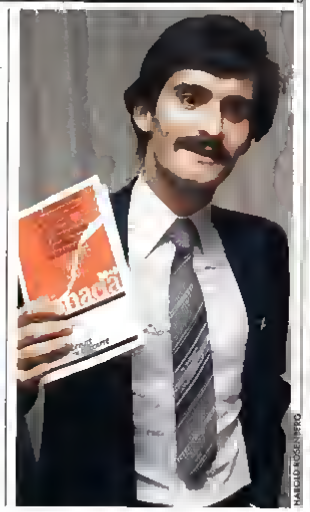
Naturally, Joyal has already been denounced as a sellout by Parti Québécois militants, and some members of Quebec's academic and media circles. The cynicism may not be entirely misplaced, the early development of Trudeau's constitutional plan was marked by sleazy offstage manoeuvring, much of which was revealed in a leaked memo that predicted the failure of last fall's first ministers' conference before it even happened. In Ottawa, many people believe the Trudeau constitution script has already been written in a secret war room and the public consultation stage is just a sham. But Joyal is determined to give the parliamentary committee credibility. "Even though we have a Liberal majority, this committee must not be superficial. We have to be credible—we owe that to the people who come here," he says. He has personal reservations about Trudeau's plan, which he is keeping to himself at this point, but he is hoping amendments that will be added next month will make it possible for him to swallow the package without an acute attack of moral indigestion. His performance will be watched closely, not just by nervous Liberals but by skeptics in Montreal, who have always detected a whiff of opportunism about Joyal.

In 1978, when he ran for mayor of Montreal against Jean Drapeau, his third-party liberal coalition collected a less than expected 25 per cent of the vote, partly because Joyal was tagged a separatist in English Montreal and a federalist in nationalist quarters. Critics say that defeat was the beginning of a turnaround in Joyal's political approach he decided to get back into the fold.

But he certainly didn't show any early signs of conformity back in Ottawa. He may be the only MP in recent memory to show up in the Commons wearing a skinny disco tie and neat denims (he is certainly the only one with a large personal collection of 19th-century costumes), and he missed the crucial pre-Christmas vote that brought down the Tory government in 1979 because he was in New York, talking to his American publishers about a book he is writing on antique dress. But Joyal, son of middle-class merchants in a working-class neighborhood, is no radical. There is, first of all, his tolerance for others—an attractive personal trait, but a potential drawback for anyone interested in serious political change. Joyal is amused, rather than appalled, for instance, by Senator Hays, whose replies to witnesses he has tactfully vetted since the feminist incident—so amused that late one evening, after gruelling hours of testimony, Hays's behind-the-hand wisecracks sent Joyal into a fit of laughter, until tears were rolling down his cheeks. "He's a nice man," says Joyal of his co-chairman. "He is 72 years old and has achieved a sort of rhythm in his life, I like that." He was equally tolerant of committee witness James Richardson, the former Liberal cabinet minister who has spent so much time and effort fighting bilingualism. "I don't agree with him, but he has started his own political party, he has acted on his ideas," says Joyal.



Hays (left), Chrétien (centre) and Joyal, and (right) Lapierre: the difference between a right and a privilege



In fact, if Joyal is dangerous to the status quo, it may be for this simple reason: he doesn't need his job in Ottawa to give his life meaning. His first love is art, he sits on the boards of various museums and he numbers many artists among his friends—"people," as he puts it, "who are always questioning, always challenging, who help keep intellectual curiosity alive." He also has a rich and, say friends, "unorthodox but very interesting" personal life. His name has been linked with that of *Le Devoir* columnist Lise Bissonnette, one of Quebec's most sophisticated journalists, and Michèle Bazin, Claude Ryan's brainy, chic press assistant. He is also a self-confessed "cinema addict," and travels frequently to Cape Cod (he's a New England buff), London and Paris. "I have seen people come to Ottawa and be crushed, destroyed by politics," says Joyal. "You have to have a safety valve. I don't feel trapped. I come here freely."

It sounds like the portrait of an elitist, yet Joyal represents a poor inner-city riding—where voters know an upper-class twit when they see one—and he's immensely popular there. Perhaps that is because, unlike Pierre Trudeau, Joyal's genuine interest in people doesn't run along class lines. He doesn't share Trudeau's view that the poor simply have to learn to spend their food dollar more frugally to beat inflation. "I would never say such a thing because I don't believe it," Joyal says. "I wasn't brought up with those ideas." Relations between Joyal and Trudeau are said to be correct, if not warm, but they could cool to sub-zero if Joyal isn't prepared to give enthusiastic support to whatever compromises are achieved on the constitution in the next few months.

For Louis Duclos, the damage is already done. A Quebec back-bencher, unknown outside his province, he recently made the front page of the *Toronto Star* when he denounced Trudeau's plans for unilateral patriation. And it isn't the 41-year-old former foreign service officer's first tussle with his party's curia. "Duclos has never been afraid to argue with Trudeau in caucus," says one colleague, "and there aren't many who will do that." But this time Duclos' views fly directly in the face of Trudeau's most cherished ideal: a bilingual Canada. Duclos, and much of the nationalist sentiment in Quebec, is particularly critical of section 23 of the constitutional resolution—the one that guarantees minority-language education to the English in Quebec and the French in the rest of Canada. It is difficult for English-







speaking Canadians to understand why anyone would oppose such an innocent-sounding proposal, but Duclos fears that any federal intrusion in the field of education may lead to a dilution of the French language and undo all the progress made since Quebec's infamous Bill 101. What would happen, Duclos asks, if oil was discovered in Quebec in 50 years, followed by an influx of anglophone workers, all with the constitutional right to English schooling for their children? Once again, the French language could be swamped and the existing provincial government would be incapable of making any laws to prevent it. So far, reaction to his criticisms from caucus colleagues has been, as he says gamely, "not too bad," but he is feeling the sting. He remains philosophical about any cabinet hopes, saying: "I love my job, but I could find another. I was not sent here to represent the Liberal party of Canada, I was sent here to represent my constituents."

Another maverick, Montreal anglophone Warren Allmand, is opposed to section 23, too—but for different reasons. He says it sets up two classes of immigrants in Quebec—those from English-language countries, who would have a choice of having their children educated in English or French, and those from non-English, non-French countries, who would have to send their children to French-language schools. Allmand, who has been a thorn in the government's side since he was bounced from the cabinet last year, has taken on Indian Affairs as a sort of unofficial portfolio. In fact, his main objection to section 23 is that it denies the Cree Indians of northern Quebec, who historically speak English as a second language, rights that will be guaranteed to an immigrant from America or Australia. There has been so much criticism of section 23 from within Quebec—everyone from the Parti Québécois to the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal has been seething—that it is almost certain to be amended.

Allmand (top right); Duclos (above) not just a political decision

But the debate that has inflamed Quebeckers—within and without the Liberal caucus—more than any other concerns language rights in provincial courts and legislatures. Under the existing constitution (the British North America Act), Quebec and Manitoba, for historical reasons, are required to provide legal and legislative services in both official languages. Many Quebeckers, and others, would like to see that provision extended, at least to cover Ontario and New Brunswick, where most of the francophones outside Quebec live. Others, including 24-year-old Jean Lapierre, one of the Liberals' brightest young back-benchers on the constitution committee, wonder why all provinces should not be forced to provide services in both languages. "Surely what is a right for one is a right for all," says Lapierre. And if a constitution is intended to set the moral tone for a nation, practical obstacles should be secondary. Lapierre's problem is that Trudeau and Jean Chrétien may have made a widely rumored, but hotly denied, private deal with Ontario Premier Bill Davis in return for Davis' support at the bargaining table last September, the Liberals apparently promised not to force French courts and legislature on Ontario. For some disillusioned Quebec MPs, it is an ignoble capitulation by the men who brought "French power" to Ottawa in the '60s. For many ordinary Quebeckers, it is just a sour replay of so much of Canadian history. Quebec does all the giving, while Ontario does what it wants. New Brunswick has said it will go ahead and bind itself constitutionally to provide services in both languages, Ontario argues that while it already does provide some court services to francophones, to push the issue would merely provoke a backlash. But, argues Lapierre with irrefutable logic, "There is a difference between a right and a privilege."

This situation puts young Jean Lapierre in the unfortunate position of perhaps being forced, by his own conscience, to bite the hand that feeds him. It was Chrétien who, recognizing Lapierre's formidable capacity for work and political skills, put him on the committee over objections from more senior members. Now Lapierre is in disagreement with the party brass—he's even tempted to support an amended version of an NDP proposal on the language of legislatures issue—yet he remains a dyed-in-the-wool Quebec Liberal. On top of everything else his wife, Gaby, a Granby, Que., lawyer, is expecting their first child this month. In one recent late-night telephone conversation, the couple agonized over Lapierre's dilemma. "I love this job, but I'm young enough, I suppose, to do something else," says Lapierre. "I have to live with my own conscience for the rest of my life after all."

For Jean Lapierre, Serge Joyal, Louis Duclos—and a few others—the debate over the constitution is more than just another game of political hardball. It is a matter of personal conscience. Unfortunately, the political hardballers always seem to win in Ottawa. Compromises are made, personal objections stifled, the deals that really count happen far from the television lights. People such as Joyal, with their "safety valves," are lucky; they can always choose to do something else. The tragedy, perhaps, is not that so many good people are forced to walk away—it is that so many choose party over principle and decide to stay.

Indonesia on the hustle

Resource riches have not meant an end to corruption or poverty

Maclean's senior writer Val Ross, who reported the recent OPEC meeting on the Indonesian island of Bali, returned last week from Jakarta, the capital of a country that, at the start of 1981, is about as different from Road to Bali—*the Crosby/Hope movie of the 1950s—as it is possible to imagine. These were her impressions.*





Vendor in a Bali market, less fortunate hack at the jungle around rice paddies

Jakarta street scene: riding motor scooter means risking death by mangling

The foul-fuming, tin-pot motor scooters that swarm the streets of Jakarta—whose population swelled by 55 per cent, to 5½ million, in the past decade—are symbols of the country's larger problems. Only a few traffic lights punctuate the densely tangled slums, so riding a motor scooter means risking death by mangling. It means, too, donning a bandanna mask, bandit-style, against the unspeakable pollution. And yet, "It is good to have wheels," sings Bambang Rasfullah, a 24-year-old Jakartan who picked up his crazy pidgin English from pop songs and Australian hippies. The rest of Indonesia's population, 65 per cent of whom are under 25, shares the sentiment. Everyone wants a bike and hustles to get one.

The national hustle—more usually described as "corruption"—was the major complaint about Indonesia to come out of last November's Pacific Rim Trade Conference in Vancouver. "Indonesia's generals are so corrupt you can't afford to buy them," the saying goes, "just rent them for a few days." *Pungli* (bribery) is found at all levels, from the top—two Indonesians and six Canadians went to court last fall charged with conspiring to defraud Ottawa's Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) of at least $125,000—to the bottom, the soldier who takes an uncomfortably long time examining the passports of hiking tourists in hope of being paid to go away. Is the government's three-year-old anti-*pungli* drive,

Suharto: regarded as pro-West bulwark



headed by the respected Admiral Sudomo, succeeding? "It must be" goes the current joke. "The press has stopped reporting *pungli*." Yet President Suharto's wife, Tien, who beams with him from a thousand wall posters, still goes by the nickname "Madame Tien Percent."

In some respects, however, the archipelago does seem to be zooming ahead. The largest and potentially wealthiest member of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), it enjoys a seven-per-cent annual growth rate. Its 14-year-old military government is regarded as a stable pro-West bulwark in this war-torn corner of the world. Its 13,000 islands are blessed with spice groves, superb beaches, lost tribes, orangutangs and white rhinos, and gorgeous jungle yielding the world's second-largest source of natural rubber.

Underneath all this there is more. Canada's Inco, for example, has invested almost $500 million in the huge Soroaka mining, smelter and hydroelectric complex to exploit the region's laterite nickel beds; there's silver in those hills, as every souvenir-grubbing tourist knows; and the country's foreign exchange earnings from oil and gas are expected to top $6.5 billion this year.

Riches, however, do not inevitably result in rational development. Manufacturing is only a modest 11 per cent of gross national product. Unemployment hovers around 20 per cent. And these figures don't tell the full story. Another



Tien Suharto: bird whistles

30 per cent of the work force is thought to be underemployed—that is, they hawk fried bananas and home-made bird whistles from street stalls, or tout for merchants for a tiny commission, or ferry people around in slow-moving bicycle-rickshaws. Rasfullah spent a jobless year at a beach resort, where he claims to have drummed up work as a free-lance translator for Mick Jagger. He is now grateful for his Jakarta hotel busboy job, which under-exploits his shrewdness, but which grosses him $80 a month—just enough to support a pregnant wife and tiny three-room apartment with shared toilet.

Rasfullah is particularly grateful that he lives in Jakarta, chaotic and dirty though the city seems to outsiders. His rural counterparts have the more depressing alternative. The poorest hack at the jungle around the rice paddies with small hand knives. To use more sophisticated machinery would put them out of work.

Rasfullah's distant cousin Dulwiri Animam is the 35-year-old assistant *lurah* (chief) of a village of 500 in West Java. Four of his eight children died in infancy, but he supports his wife and the other four with income from his rice, rubber and clove fields. Animam has a bit of land, a house (of rattan and bamboo) and a function in life. His chiefly duties, he explains, are signing travel documents for his people and "hanging around shooting the breeze." The villagers seem as underemployed as he. Though labor in the rice fields looks backbreaking, during the three-month monsoon everyone hangs around the village gossiping, too. There's almost no cash in town, and of the several shops one sells only bananas, a second offers just two jars of palm sugar fudge lumps. The largest consists of four shelves of soap, monosodium glutamate, the bizarrely named Putridents toothpaste, clove cigarettes and benzine—less than two per cent of Java's villages have electricity.

Whenever he visits with Animam, Rasfullah's scorn for village life is cut by stronger and stronger doses of sentimentality. How is it, he asks with tears in his eyes, that he knows all the words to J.J. Cale's *Cocaine*, yet when the *lurah* tells stories of the 14th-century Hindu kingdom of Pajajaran he is lost? In fact, Rasfullah's sense of the patchy, half-absorbed cultures that make up his own life is typical. Indonesia is a land where certain generals still helicopter into the jungle to consult tribal *dukuns* (medicine men), where a Hindu caste system, carried east by Javanese nobles fleeing Moslem and Dutch invaders, now flourishes alongside the skyscraper resorts of Bali, where a $160-million satellite system and a profit-making state-owned airline link the islands to the rest of the globe, while on the ground most folk travel by bullock cart, rickshaw, battered taxis—and the motor scooter. Modern technology is just another entrant mingling in the complex and uniquely Indonesian traffic. The trouble is this—higher speeds make collisions even more deadly. ◇

Greece

A poor cousin joins the clan

Greece became the 10th member of the European Community (EC) last week after knocking on the door for 18 years. But in the view of most Europeans, its entrance was at best a mixed blessing. In joining the EC, Greece instantly slipped into the rags of a poor relative in a family dominated by northern Europe's industrial powers, with little hope of overcoming the gulf in wealth and political stability that separates it from its partners.

That point was driven home to any over-expectant Greeks last week by Premier George Rallis, who warned that Greece's motive in joining Europe was "to consolidate democracy more than to obtain economic advantage." His words, however, echoed a widespread conviction that tying Greece to the industrialized West will help guarantee parliamentary rule in Athens.

To hail Greece's arrival, Luxembourg's Gaston Thorn, new head of the EC Commission, trumpeted that "the enlargement southwards is a key date in the history of European civilization." Indeed, in opening the doors to humble Greece—whose annual per capita income of $3,500 is a mere one-quarter that of the richest members—the EC began a four-year process that will also see the admission of Spain and Portugal, other poor farming nations that rid themselves of dictatorships in the '70s.

But the poor trio may find little pleasure in hobnobbing with the mighty. Greeks are bound to discover, as the British, Irish and Danes did when they joined the original six-member EC in 1973, that the first fruits of membership are not industrial and agricultural sweeteners but stiff price rises as trade barriers with Europe are lifted. To cushion the blow, the EC will lift the gates gradually and throw $280 million worth of aid toward Greece this year and as much as $590 million by 1985. But these measures may not prove sufficient to prevent Greeks, already burdened with slow growth and 25-per-cent inflation, from becoming disenchanted.

Nor is the current situation in Brussels propitious for a budding relationship. Greece has turned up in Brussels the same month that a fresh 14-man commission under Thorn begins a four-year mandate in the EC's driver's seat, an event that usually produces a hiatus in community affairs. Athens will also find that many EC purists are unhappy to see it on the doorstep. They fear that if Greece—and later Spain and Portugal—proves unable to keep stride with the rest of Europe the EC could wind up as a "two speed" community, with the south dawdling while the big northern boys zip along. It would be Europe's version of the great North/South cleavage.

—PETER LEWIS



Rallis (left); and Thorn: the poor trio may find little pleasure in hobnobbing

Italian bravura has its price

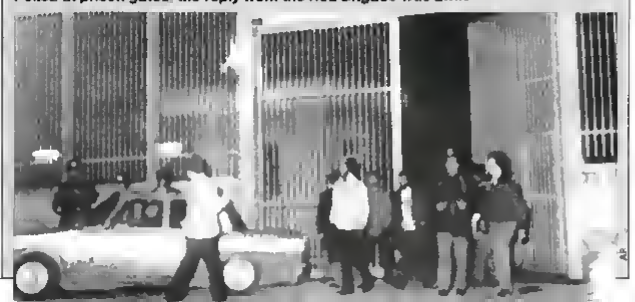
It was the stuff of high drama—18 Italian guards held hostage by 70 prisoners in Trani prison, on the Adriatic south of Rome, a crack anti-terrorist squad poised to blast its way in and, watching from the sidelines, a clutch of distraught relatives of guards and inmates alike. Then, with searchlights flashing across the three-storey prison, the commandos, led by Gen Carlo Dalla Chiesa, made their move. As 30 of their number, armed with submachine-guns and tear gas grenades, landed on the prison roof in two helicopters and secured the top floor, another team burst through the barricaded front gates with explosives and stormed the ground floor. The prisoners, led by Red Brigade terrorists, with coffeepots rigged as bombs and other makeshift weapons, were outgunned. Within an hour it was all over and, remarkably, only 12 persons were injured.

Premier Arnaldo Forlani immediately termed the assault a victory for democracy against terrorism—and, he might have added, for his administration. The refusal of his cabinet to bow to the inmates' demands—for the closing of Trani and nine other maximum-security jails, and the repeal of anti-terrorist decrees—served to mute heated criticism for what was widely regarded as a capitulation to the Red Brigade a week before. Italians had been outraged when, in an unsuccessful attempt to meet conditions for the release of Rome magistrate Giovanni D'Urso, who was kidnapped on Dec. 12, Forlani had ordered a maximum-security jail on the island of Asinara closed.

But Forlani's triumph at Trani was by no means complete. Within 24 hours the Red Brigade gunned down General Enrico Galvaligi, security chief of Italy's maximum security prisons. And at week's end, as the Chamber of Deputies called an emergency debate on terrorism, Brigade leaders promised more of the same. "We are not joking," they warned in an interview in *L'Espresso*, a Rome weekly, "we have only just begun."

—JAMES FLEMING

Police at prison gates: the reply from the Red Brigade was swift





Roeye Aracely Harnandez: Six years old. Family of four all in poor health: parasites and bronchitis sap their strength . . . Share smell hut with another family.

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Pieces in a Latin puzzle

A diplomatic hit list – and a movie that puts Reagan on the side of repression









Ambassador White at election night party (far left), Kirkpatrick, film plug, (above) slain dissidents: a purge likely

By Anne Nelson

The scene was jubilant—even raucous—as several hundred businessmen, officials and military in mufti crowded into San Salvador's Hotel Presidente, gulping Cuba Libres and celebrating Ronald Reagan's Nov. 4 election-night victory. Well before midnight, U.S. Ambassador Robert White made an announcement that almost sounded like his own good-natured concession speech. "I am very hopeful that the new administration will have a consensus to carry out his policy," he said. "I do want to add one word about the foreign service of the United States. Our mandate is to carry out the policies of the president of the United States, and that is what we will do." Within a few weeks, however, White was finding it harder to be such a good sport, as he and other key figures of Carter's human rights team became a target for Reagan's transition team officials and their right-wing think-tank associates.

The trouble began in early December when Reagan's transition team member Pedro San Juan and Frank Carbaugh, aide to Senator Jesse Helms, avowed critic of White, leaked a report recommending that the new administration dispense with "social reformers" in the state department—White, Ambassador Lawrence Pezzullo in Nicaragua and Ambassador George Landau in Chile, among others. It was a hit list that recalled the post-war purge of the "China Hands"* because of their belief that the U.S. policy of blind support for Chiang Kai-shek was simply unrealistic in view of the rise of Mao Tse-tung. Meanwhile, in Central America, former CIA officer Cleto di Giovanni put himself forward as a Reagan spokesman and assured military hard-liners that Reagan would encourage a right-wing coup in El Salvador and increase military aid to the dictatorships of Guatemala and Honduras.

Such revelations threatened to become so embarrassing that Reagan staff were forced to disown them—for public consumption at least. But remarkably, Reagan has done nothing to prevent the making of a blatantly propagandist film on Latin America, for which the American Security Council was buying television time last week. The 25-minute film, *Attack on the Americas*, features Henry Kissinger, retired general Gordon Sumner and recently named United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, who maintains that "our policy has brought us from a situation in which we live in marvelous security in our own hemisphere to a situation in which we could very well be surrounded by Soviet bases on our southeastern and southern flanks."

The American Security Council, which describes itself as the "educational secretariat" of "The Coalition for Peace Through Strength"—an organization whose founders must have been unaware of the old Nazi slogan STRENGTH THROUGH JOY—has budgeted $1.5 million for the film's television distribution. The connection between Reagan and the coalition is left deliberately murky, but is strongly implied. "The Communist attack on the Americas is not over," viewers are told. "What is at stake is more than the freedom of our neighbors to the south. . . . Today El Salvador, Guatemala; tomorrow Honduras, Costa Rica, Belize, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic, Mexico . . . the United States." The film cuts to Reagan, who declaims, "Peace is made by the fact of strength. . . ." The film narrator has the last word. "It is time now for the people of the United States to unite—with Ronald Reagan—to reverse the trends in Central America." This they can do, the narrator continues, by signing a resolution—and by contributing $15 to the American Security Council Foundation.

In part, the movie is a monstrous fake. It attacks the "bloodthirstiness" of the Nicaraguan Sandinistas by showing footage of bomb damage in Managua caused, in fact, by their adversary, ex-dictator Anastasio Somoza's airforce. It attacks the Salvadorean opposition by blaming it for bloodied bodies that clearly bore signs of the torture that is the trade mark of the National Guard, and it makes an oblique argument for U.S. military intervention. Says Kirkpatrick, Reagan's chosen envoy to a body dedicated to the cause of world peace, "Persons trying to defend themselves against Marxist-Leninist insurgencies, depending upon the United States for supplies, are given neither the arms, nor the advice, nor the training, nor the logistical support which they need."

Most people who have seen the film have been stunned, but the leak of the hit list provoked strong reactions from Ambassadors White and Pezzullo, as well as from Carter's assistant secretary of state for human rights, Patt Derian. It had done considerable harm, said Derian. "In El Salvador, the boldness of those on the right has shown a marked increase, demonstrated in the deaths of the six Salvadorean leaders (*Maclean's*, Dec. 8, 1980) and the four American women. That's one of the dangers of this kind of manipulation . . . people can die in consequence."

Reagan's state department transition team head, Robert Neumann, was quick to deny that the transition report was official policy. He added that di Giovanni "certainly wasn't sent by us." Yet the author of the report was a transition team member and di Giovanni has been a Reagan team consultant. He also collaborated with Roger Fontaine, a top Reagan adviser, over a recent article on Central America published by the *Washington Quarterly*.

If the Reagan team is embarrassed by the doings of San Juan, di Giovanni and the American Security Council, the credibility of all three goes unchallenged in Latin America, where the council sponsors Radio Free Americas in imitation of Radio Free Europe, and is billed, accidentally or not, as the National Security Council. Meanwhile, the starring roles accorded Kirkpatrick and Reagan in the American Security Council's film do nothing to dispel notions of a tie. If the signs are accurate, Ambassador White and his colleagues may not just find themselves in difficulty carrying out the new administration's policy—they may not be given the chance to try.

**John Paton Davies Jr. and a number of other state department officials stationed in China were hounded from the service and humiliated by the hearings of Senators Joseph McCarthy and Pat McCarran in the 1950s merely for their suggestion that Mao's China should be recognized. Failure to take it up, however, put Sino-American relations on ice for 30 years.*

The week the signs said walk

Their dark high-domed exteriors quickly earned them the nickname "Darth Vaders." But alas, the force was against them and, as New York City's brand new fleet of 637 Grumman Flxible buses gathered dust on their blue and silver livery in transit authority parking lots last week, Manhattan riders were trying to adapt to a strange sight: 100 red, white and blue buses hired as an emergency measure from Washington, D.C.

Despite the good-natured injunction to passers-by to HAVE A GOOD DAY—flashed with other computerized messages from their windshields—the Grummans had hardly hit the streets when their undercarriages began cracking dangerously. Grumman officials cited faulty welding. But transit experts laid much of the blame on the federal department of transportation for licensing the light-framed design in the cause of fuel economy. At least the city's legendary potholes were not to blame. Last week Chicago and Los Angeles also recalled their Grummans—priced at $110,000 each—because of undercarriage cracks.

Meanwhile, as if defective buses weren't enough, New York was still contending with unsafe subway trains. For over a year the transit authority has been trying to remedy fissures in the undercarriages of its new R-46 cars. A federal district court in Manhattan recently awarded the city $72 million in damages from Rockwell International, the manufacturer. But last week Rockwell decided to appeal rather than carry out repairs.





Darth Vader buses (above), Washington bus in the big apple, transit chaos

Even that blow was not the end of the city's transportation woes. The aerial tramway service from Manhattan to Roosevelt Island, in New York's East River, was suspended indefinitely after a cable snapped for the second time since November, and, at week's end, the Staten Island rapid transit service came to a temporary halt after a train overshot the platform and plowed into a wall, injuring 80 people.

The only New Yorker who seemed immune was Mayor Ed Koch. With his customary flair for survival, Koch found one method of locomotion not subject to modern mechanical failure. Vacationing in the Middle East, he was pictured touring the pyramids—seated serenely on a camel.

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

COLUMN

Apocalypse deferred



Alexander Haig has a personal motive for not being atomized

By David North

Interviewed in Toronto 18 months ago, Alexander Haig, then recently retired as NATO's supreme commander, gave a very good imitation of a sword that had transformed itself into a plowshare. In Washington, the hawks were shrilling against the Soviet presence in Cuba (were there or were there not newly arrived combat troops?) and preparing to tear up the SALT II treaty clause by clause. In Brussels, another hawk, the born-again Henry Kissinger, was brutally warning the European allies that their nuclear umbrella had no fabric. Uncle Sam, tired of carrying too much of the allied burden, had lost any desire he might have had to use the deterrent to save Bonn if, by so doing, he risked Baltimore. So they had better mend their defences.

By contrast, Haig, whose presidential ambitions had been kindled, was all conciliation in search of a constituency. No, the United States would not intervene militarily to oppose a Soviet excursion, say, into Angola. Those days were gone, the United States was no longer the world's policeman. No, it could no longer deal pedantically or paternalistically with its allies—an obvious poke at Carter. There had to be a new era of consultation and consent.

On two points only did Haig insist: the reality of Soviet "interventionism" (the consequence, he said, of the inevitable economic and political failure of the Communist system), and the need to ensure that the resulting head of steam within the Soviet bloc was released without blowing the world to pieces. Strong military powers in this situation, said Haig, were always tempted to go adventuring abroad, and therefore the West had to correct the imbalance of military power that had been tilting ever further into the Soviets' favor since the Kennedy years.

At this point, however, the general became more than a little vague. If military confrontation was ruled out, except in the most extreme circumstances (a phrase he left undefined), what should the West do—tell the Soviets it would send no more wheat (this was before the invasion of Afghanistan)? Oh no, said Haig, nothing as crude as that. What was needed was "a subtle but nevertheless determined orchestration" of the West's still vastly superior political, economic and security assets to play on the Soviet Union's vested interest in maintaining its relationships with the West. Shades of Jimmy Carter!

Eighteen months later, after the invasion of Afghanistan and the near miss in Poland, it is hearteningly difficult to see a Reagan administration containing Haig and Kissinger—who was pathfinding in the Middle East last week—going much further out on a limb than, say, Zbigniew Brzezinski, even if Brzezinski's successor as national security adviser, Richard Allen, turns out to be another ambitious hardliner. It seems much more likely that, barring a collective brainstorm in the Kremlin, we shall shortly be back in the grey areae of diplomacy—somewhere between the prophets of Apocalypse Tomorrow and the apologists of Today, who explain away every Soviet action as being motivated by self-defence—where you win a yard here and lose one there.



Haig (top) and Kissinger: not much crawling on limbs

The realities of life are very different from those in the days when, for example, the late and largely unlamented John Foster Dulles, at State, and brother Allen, at the CIA, played such devious and dangerous games with ally and foe alike. The European Community (its GNP is greater than the United States') and Japan are economic rivals to be reckoned with which, as Jimmy Carter learned, makes them more difficult to push around politically.

Latin America, which has little to hit back with, seems likely to continue to be a place (South Korea is another) where democracy is debased on the doubtful premise that the alternative to dictatorship is communism. The starving of the Third World seem likely to have to face far more searching inquiries about their anti-Communist credentials before receiving their gruel and powdered milk. But elsewhere the issues are too much a matter of life and death—as well as being too complex—to be left to the CIA's Vice-President-elect George Bush and his retooled plumbers or for the reach-me-down rhetoric of a presidential election. For instance, should the U.S. support Israel, as a bulwark against communism, or the Arabs because it needs their oil? Clearly there will have to be a compromise and some sort of sequel to the played-out process of Camp David. Taiwan or China? Reagan has already backtracked on that one. China or the Soviet Union? Pre-eminently a field for pragmatism. Or, finally, strategic rearmament or continuation of the SALT dialogue? Eighteen months ago, Haig was sure of the answer: you had to have something to put on the negotiating table, he said, but clearly you had to talk. (The main candidates for the table even then seemed likely to be the B-1 bomber, if resurrected, or MX missile system, an awkward weapon to deploy.)

It is comforting to record that, Afghanistan and Poland notwithstanding, the new secretary of state still seems to be of the same mind. A recent article in the *Washington Quarterly*—"The American Presidency: Leadership in the Balance"—shows that the White House continues to occupy his thoughts—and that, happily, must mean that he thinks there will be a country over which he will be able to preside.

PEOPLE

"That was my shock therapy period," says Canada's controversial couturier **Leighton Barrett** of the days when his garish gowns earned him the label of "punk" designer. But these days Barrett is strictly aiming at the closets of lawyers, bank managers and real estate agents. "If you can dress those people, you can dress anyone," says the 25-year-old Barrett. Finding Canada too staid, Barrett is now setting eyes on New York, where his one-size-fits-all playsuits are sported by **Richard Burton**'s wife, **Susan Hunt**, socialite **Tawn Stain** and transvestite superstar **Divine**. This month his "wearable art" will be spotlighted in the elite New York disco Xenon, but Barrett still thinks of home. "This summer I'm going to give Canada what it wants—*everything* will be beige."



PETER NICHOLS

Barrett: this year in beige

The "coco-bonk" still produces snickers for NHL fans who remember the night in 1964 when "**Sweet Daddy**" **Shack** and "**Pocket Rocket**" **Richard** went into a tight clinch until Shack delivered an odious blow with his head, drawing blood from Richard. Recently the two combatants joined heads again to purchase a portion of the Quebec franchise of a soft drink firm for which they have promotional contracts. The coco-bonk incident is still discussed between the two, and Shack warns, "If Richard doesn't get the franchise going, I'll give him another one to sharpen him up."

Drawing blood is fast becoming a speciality for leading Canadian actor **Richard Monette**. His bravura performance at the Stratford Festival Foundation's annual general meeting last month, where his impromptu savaging of the board may have jeopardized his chances of acting there again, drew cheers and tears from disaffected festival members. "You play **Romeo** and **Hamlet** and you're ignored—then you call somebody a pig and you're on the front page," Monette comments ruefully. Now, the slight, intense firebrand is sinking his teeth into that juiciest of roles, **Count Dracula**, for Toronto's Young People's Theatre with newcomer **Melody Ryane**. Explains Monette, "For seven years I've done tragic roles, cannibals and transvestites—I just finished playing a wife-beater for CBC's *For the Record*—so I thought Dracula might be fun."

There will be no fond farewell to 1980 for the enfants terribles of Canadian rock, **Teenage Head**. When their show at Toronto's concert kiddieland, Ontario Place, sparked a riot in June, the Hamilton, Ont., quartet suffered cancelled appearances, a general ban from high schools and radio stations as well as anti-Head editorials across the country. But the final blow came last October when the band's van struck a tree near Palmerston, Ont., seriously injuring lead guitarist **Gord Lewis**. "I was a vegetable for a month," says Lewis, 24, who found himself in an adult body cast, mending his smashed vertebrae. The cast is due to come off this month, and he will rejoin the band. Adds Lewis: "We're ready to rock from where we left off. Some people think the negative publicity hurt us, but our album went gold and the concerts sold out."



PETER NICHOLS

ROBERT C. RAYSSIGUIER

Monette with Ryane: Dracula might be fun, and Teenage Head guitarist Lewis: laments for the passing year

When the film crew of *By Design* put out a desperate plea for bare bosoms, the women of Vancouver thrust themselves forward. **Claude Jutra**'s $2.9-million feature now wrapping up on the West Coast stars **Patty Duke Astin** and **Sara Botsworth**, a lesbian couple who want to have a baby. One character, a photographer played by **Saul Rubinek**, had to be filmed against a wall plastered with his photos of naked breasts. "When I first read the script, I thought he was an ass," says Rubinek of the character, "but he's so innocent, he really does it as photographic art." After all the eligible crew members were photographed, the public plea went out and 36 women were selected from more than 200 volunteers looking to see at least part of themselves in the movies. —EDITED BY TOM MACGREGOR



Fox wearing Order of Canada: genuine

COVER STORY

The nature of heroism

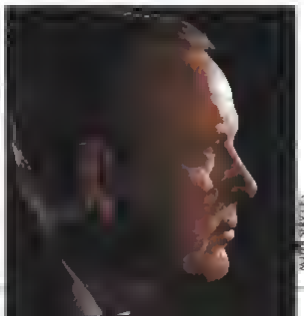
Heroes do what no one else would even think of doing

By Roy MacGregor

This is a spot to consider a Hamilton meat-packing plant in 1919, the Gaza Strip in 1956 and Canada in 1981. It is a small cemetery in western Quebec, a secluded knoll within the call of the La Pêche River as it falls desperately toward the larger Gatineau River. It is a fine winter's day: the wind pohte through white pine, the sun sparking off fresh snow and dancing in the mica of a simple grey stone in the northeast corner of the graveyard. This is the resting place of Lester Bowles Pearson, OBE, PC, CC, OM, prime minister of Canada 1963-1968, Nobel Peace Prize 1957, 1897-1972. The "honest broker" lies here, the lisp, the crooked smile, the man who—it was said by Gunnar Jahn, chairman of the Nobel Prize committee—had "saved the world" when he engineered the Gaza Strip ceasefire and an end to the Suez Crisis of 1956. He was Canada's first diplomatic hero. And his belief in compromise is sorely missed today amidst talk of raising defiant flags in the East and cutting off energy supplies from the West. This, after all, is the country he gave a flag to, a country that might well now use his diplomatic skills. Failing that, with federal-provincial relations deteriorating to a point near blood and guts, Canada in 1981 might be interested in the experience Mike Pearson picked up in 1919 at Hamilton's Fowler Packing plant, where he apprenticed as a sausage maker.

A hero serves best when people are brought together, and though it happens rarely it did happen twice in Canada in 1980. And it is only appropriate that Pearson, Canada's first diplomatic hero, would be the inspiration for the second. Ken Taylor.

Mike Pearson: the honest broker



The morning toast has gone cold, uneaten. Former ambassador to Iran Ken Taylor sits in the far corner of an Ottawa restaurant, the warmth of his smile framed by large soft flakes of snow sliding down the window behind. Suddenly he rises slightly, increases his smile and says "thank you." Six metres away, two matronly women with separate checks in their hands are stopped before the cash register, smiling proudly and lightly applauding him. Taylor seems as pleased with their reception as he has been with the wild standing ovations in New York's Yankee Stadium or the Seattle Kingdome. "I had no idea whatsoever that this kind of thing would happen," he says later. The decision he took in November of 1979 to harbor six fugitive Americans in the Canadian embassy in Iran had been simple and straightforward, the only decision possible, yet almost to the end of January, 1980, when he, his wife, Pat, and three remaining employees were finally forced to flee Tehran with the "houseguests," he had believed the Americans would make it out alone and he would stay on, silent. But it was not to be. And this simple act of courtesy toward a country that, since the bad taste of Vietnam, has seemed to have an international breath problem, would change Ken Taylor's life forever. Canadians would cheer proudly, but the Americans would lift him to near mythic heights, a new champion as noble and pure as Luke Skywalker. Even today, a year later, the tally of heroism continues to mount. 15 major awards, 16 keys to the city, 64 plaques, 111 resolutions and proclamations, 135 appearances and tens of thousands of letters. "It was important recognition for Canada," Taylor says, "and important for Americans to be able to say thank you."





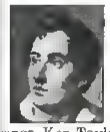
Taylor (top) with key to New York; Canadian embassy in Iran; new Luke Skywalker

But heroism? Taylor argues that there is a great difference between what happened to him and what he considers to be a true act of heroism—Terry Fox's Marathon of Hope. "He didn't *have* to do anything," says Taylor. "I did what I had to do professionally, instinctively. Terry Fox took an individual decision and, against all odds, attempted it. The fact that he didn't reach Vancouver doesn't matter one iota."

Doug Alward was with his best friend on Sept. 1, 1980, the moment when, near the end of that Monday's run, Terry Fox had trouble getting his breath and began choking. They were heading down the Thunder Bay bypass toward Red River Road, more than halfway home, and suddenly it was all over. The cancer had caught up. Alward had been following in the Ford van, as he had since the day in April when Fox had symbolically dipped his artificial right leg into the cold Atlantic in St. John's, Nfld., and set off to run to the Pacific, just to prove a point. It is now nine months later, and the cancer in Terry Fox's lungs is currently in check after six chemotherapy sessions. His friend Alward sits in a suburban Port Coquitlam restaurant trying to find words to match the deed. A small, intense man, he speaks slowly, warily, the long conversation thinned by awkward pauses as he tries to understand what had happened. Somewhere between St. John's and Thunder Bay, Terry Fox became as much an idea as flesh, and when the flesh gave up the idea ran on. Why? "Because," says Alward, "there was something genuine at the root that people recognized."

"Terry Fox touched a nerve," says Patricia Donihee-Darling, a Fredericton city employee typical of those affected. "Something like the Marathon of Hope has the ability to cross all barriers in this country." Fox recently told *Maclean's* that the single thing that made him different from ordinary people was "determination," and it came, not from a higher calling to heroism, but from a basic, all-too-earthy experience. "In the clinic when I lost my leg," he says, "there were four in a room. I had to listen to doctors tell people they had a 35-per-cent chance of living, and then to hear that person tell their family. My heart became larger during that time."

Doug Alward saw his friend grow from a curiosity to a modern version of the National Dream. "We noticed a change in Oshawa," he says. "There were two or three thousand people in a shopping plaza. It was like he's becoming a rock star. . . . I worry about the media. If you make too much of a hero and put too much emphasis on the impossibility of the run, then that will make an ordinary kid think he can't do it. It's important for kids to realize he's just like you and me. He did his best, and that's what makes him a hero."



"I awoke one morning and found myself famous," Lord Byron wrote following the 1812 publication of the first two cantos of his poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Ken Taylor suffered the same fate and found his new stature so confusing that at one point he ducked into a New York City bookstore to purchase a paperback on heroism. The book was little help. Heroes, to Taylor, were either dead, like Mike Pearson, or were those who are recognized for individual acts of bravery (see box, page 30). Just what it meant to him he wasn't sure. He found himself turning to a window to hide an amused smile as a police pontoon boat whisked him from a Boston sail-past to the airport for a hurried flight to another ceremony at Yankee Stadium. He found himself leaning into a whisper aboard a destroyer in San Francisco harbor and nodding agreement to the stranger's words. "You are as much a hostage as those people in Iran." He had, entered the living hero's dilemma: when one's mere presence disturbs the natural order, the real world moves further and further from reach.

Few will understand this more than

HEROES

Wayne Gretzky who, while hardly a hero of Fox's or Taylor's stature, is not without his worshippers. It is only a Tuesday morning hockey practice for a team firmly in last place, but even so they wait to see him, perchance to touch. They are four, all girls, their nerves squealing through silver braces. When Gretzky, who is barely a half-dozen years their elder, finally comes through the Edmonton Oilers dressing room door they are frozen; he leans against the wall and waits, confident in the hero's sureness that his reputation alone is an altar. They come eventually, respectively, grateful for a few moments of his time. "When I was a kid I used to try and get every autograph I could," he says later, "so it certainly doesn't bother me. It goes with the job. There are impositions—like I can't go anywhere now in the country without being recognized. Mom and Dad taught me a long time ago that this is the price you pay and that it is your duty. Mom used to say, 'Get up off that chesterfield and sign those autographs!' "

Gretzky, like all sports heroes, appeals to the child in people. Ralph Waldo Emerson argued, "The search after the great is the dream of youth," and in the United States much has been made recently of this type of thinking to explain why heroes seem so rare these days. In other words, America is maturing. Mercifully, this is not a convincing argument, either in the matter of America's growing up or in the minds of Canadians. "Heroes are important today," says Winnipeg artist Ted Howarth, whose idol is Marcel Duchamp. "You have to see and believe in great things in order to emulate and do great things."

It is this *belief* in heroes that has made them seem fiad to the times, fading in and out of fashion. The great heroic figure of the big-business-oriented 1890s, Napoleon, was the bum of the socially conscious era that followed, his name synonymous with evil. Joan of Arc, burned and thought forgotten in 1431, did not become a saint until 1920. Laura Secord's 19-mile walk in 1813 to warn of an impending American attack did not become popular Canadian history and myth (the British soldiers already knew) until 48 years later when the Prince of Wales, hearing of her exploit while on a tour of Upper Canada, sent the old lady £100. And why would Charles Lindbergh be idolized for decades following his 1927 solo flight there have not been civilian heroes. Since 1972, when the Medal of Bravery and Star of Courage were created, 449 have been awarded. They honor ordinary Canadians who have acted in an extraordinary manner when the situation called for it. People like Newfoundland's Martin Griffiths, who dived into the freezing waters of Ship Harbour in April of 1979 to rescue two grown men, one his first cousin and the other his brother-in-law, both non-swimmers. For Griffiths it was a simple act, a basic choice—either dive in or else live with guilt the rest of his life. He dove in wearing heavy construction boots and prevented two sure deaths. "Ninety-nine per cent of people would have done the same thing at the time," he says humbly. Griffiths received the Star of Courage from Governor-General Edward Schreyer in September.

Another recipient that day was Edward Goodman, a high-school metal and woodworking teacher from Oyama, B.C., who raced back into his burning school to rescue Cynthia Onychuk, 14, a cerebral palsy victim who had fallen in the rush to escape. "I heard the girl screaming and saw the smoke pouring out," he remembers. "I just knew I had to go in. I would do it again. A person doesn't think at a time like that, just acts." And that is the true measure of heroic bravery where acts are honored and thoughts, however honorable, are only thoughts.



BRUCE BENNETT

Gretzky: appealing to the child within



Bishop: the courage of the early morning

Acts before thoughts



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA/J.W.L. OSTER

"The secret of heroism," said William Lyon Mackenzie King in 1905, "... lies in the life of self-sacrifice." The occasion was the unveiling of Ottawa's peculiar Sir Galahad statue, erected in front of the Parliament Buildings to commemorate the valiant effort of Henry Harper, a 27-year-old civil servant who drowned in the Ottawa River while trying to save a young girl who had fallen through the ice. Carved into the stone base is a quote the poet Tennyson attributes to the mythical Galahad: "If I lose myself, I save myself."

The truly noble sacrifice is most often connected to war. A few blocks from the Galahad statue is the Canadian War Museum, where a special section on the second floor is devoted entirely to recognized acts of Canadian bravery: the 96 winners of the Victoria Cross and the 11 who have won the George Cross. They stare out from small revolving windows—simple, sincere young men like Victoria Cross winner John Robert Osborn of the Winnipeg Grenadiers who, on Dec. 19, 1941, threw himself on a grenade in Hong Kong to save his men, or George Cross winner Roderick Borden Gray of the Royal Canadian Air Force who, "after having suffered a broken leg in an aircraft crash at sea, gave his place in a dinghy to his comrades, and perished from exposure." One VC winner has a very special place of honor. He is Air Marshal W.A. (Billy) Bishop, who shot down 72 enemy planes in a mere 23 weeks of operational flying during the First World War. Over his uniform is a sign that reads: "He had that courage which Napoleon once said was the rarest—the courage of the early morning."

There has not been a Canadian war for 35 years, but this does not mean

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M2-81

HEROES

across the Atlantic when, 52 years later, three mostly forgotten men would go to the moon and it would be regarded as a victory for machines, not men? Why would Marilyn Bell be a heroine for a 1954 swim across Lake Ontario and yet Cindy Nicholas, who may one day conquer the Milky Way, have little impact whatsoever? Because the hero is much more than the event, that's why Ken Taylor is a hero, his wife, Pat, is not, yet they did exactly the same thing



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The reigning expert on heroism is the English philosopher Thomas Carlyle, whose 1841 book, *On Heroes, Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History*, argued that a given individual will rise to a heroic act in whatever manner is appropriate for the age. "The lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt," Carlyle called them, and though his arguments were later twisted to support the rise of the likes of Hitler, the purer portions of his thinking survive today. Asked to consider today's young Canadians were there a call to war, St. John's resident Al Harvey, president of the Dominion Command of the Royal Canadian Legion, answers confidently, "If there is a need for heroism, it will come out."

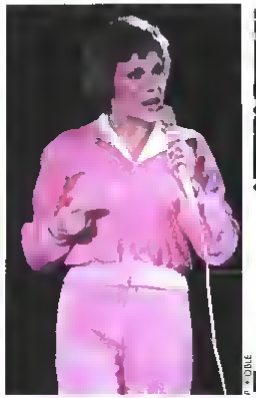
Traditionally, the adjective "heroic" has not stood alone, but has been joined by "flawed" (from Achilles' famous heel to Lester Pearson's performance as a prime minister) and, too often, "tragic" (from John Kennedy to Terry Fox). Japan has a soft spot for what are called "noble failures," and perhaps Canada could be granted one for what might be termed "magnificent losers" (Mackenzie, Papineau or Riel). That Canadian glory seems lacking was evident in a 1979 *Saturday Night* "admiration" poll of 840 Ontario university students, when the only Canadian to make the top 10 was Anne Murray. She came 10th. Above her were the likes of Johnny Carson and Walter Cronkite. Pierre Trudeau stood 18th, below Murray, Gordon Lightfoot, Ken Dryden and Pierre Berton.

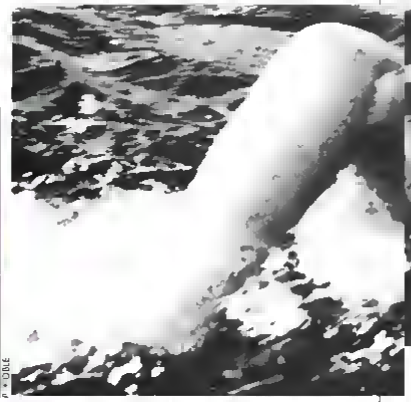
Pierre Trudeau, however, must deal with something he has taught his own six-year-old son, Sacha, to call "pests." The press. Trudeau's burden is unlike, say, King Alfred the Great, the 9th-century Anglo-Saxon ruler who so completely controlled communications that his people never knew he spent the last half of his life a neurotic invalid, convinced his sexual lust would destroy him unless he fought to keep his seed within. The people thought Alfred great and courageous, a true hero, because he *told* them he was. That these are indeed difficult times to be heroic is readily shown by the single soldier's name immediately recognizable from the Vietnam War: Lt. William Calley, he of the My Lai massacre.

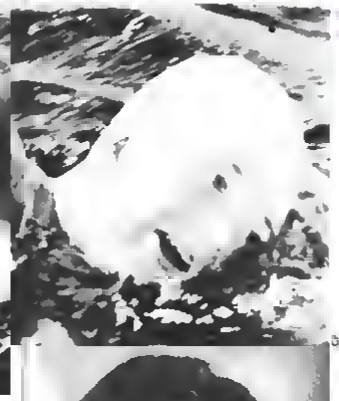
If no man is truly a hero to his valet, then we are all becoming valets. Debunking—whether it be Errol Flynn spying or John Kennedy studding—is the new filter of would-be heroes. Davy Crockett, for example, would simply not have survived with different press coverage. People would be repulsed at his cruel slaughter of Indians rather than line up at the Alamo to view the gun he reportedly used to kill 350 bears one summer. The movies somehow forgot that Crockett was among the first to fall at the Alamo and may not, in fact, even have been armed. He was a myth of his own creation, the result of an overblown, ghostwritten autobiography, something he would not get away with today. These are the days when Bobby Hull's legendary statistics include goals, assists and divorce settlements. "Very few people, perhaps none," Shirley Temple Black, the former child actress, later politician, has written, "can stand the scrutiny of their personal lives that goes on with the kind of investigative reporting we have today."

And yet, whereas such suspicion of heroes is a new phenomenon in the United States, West Coast critic George Woodcock argues that this has always been the case in Canada. In that light, Fox and Taylor become even more rare than they seem. "Canadians distrust heroes," Woodcock has written, "partly because heroism is always a kind of imposition, the hero dominating us by his strength. . . . We are suspicious because, as Canadians, we see ourselves generally imposed upon or, as [Margaret] Atwood put it, colonized. But more than that, we suspect the sheer gigantic irrationalism of the heroic, for we like to consider ourselves a reasonable people."

Ernest Hemingway thought Canada to be "a dreadful country." A man obsessed with heroism, he had come here in 1923 to work for *The Toronto Daily Star* and he soon gave up on his new home. There remains an absurd vision of him, on assignment, sitting up all one night in a room at Sudbury's Nickel Range Hotel, reading Joseph Conrad an American hero reading a Polish hero who wrote about flawed heroism in Africa. Beyond Hemingway's hotel, more than the immediate terrain was barren, beyond Canada, however, would lie Spain, Cuba, New York, glory, celebration and fortune. How unlike Malcolm Lowry in 1950, morose in his shack in Dollarton, on the British Columbia coast, unable to listen to the CBC radio documentary that would flatly call him "Canada's greatest writer" because he couldn't even afford a new battery for his radio.









CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Murray (left); Ball conquering Lake Ontario; a new suspicion of heroes; McClung: fading in and out of fashion

Bathurst: fuel never would have burnt



We have not had a great deal of time for our heroes. "Hero," says Pierre Berton, "is a terrible word. I don't like it, I don't use it. I don't write about heroes, I write about people. Politicians aren't heroes. Businessmen aren't heroes. Sportsmen aren't heroes. There's a difference between a hero and a celebrity." Berton, who undoubtedly knows more about this than anyone, will list only a very few he considers true Canadian heroes. Tecumseh and Sir Isaac Brock of the War of 1812, Sir William Van Horne and Sir George Stephen of the railway, and Terry Fox. "Terry Fox is cast in the heroic mould," says Berton. "It involves a sacrifice. There's nothing in it for him apart from, perhaps, kudos, and I'm not even sure about that."

There is, of course, a long list down through Canadian history of material for argument. Almighty Voice, the Cree martyr who refused to give in to civilization. Brother André, the Quebec caretaker who became a renowned healer; Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin; Madeleine de Verchères who, at 14, held off 45 attacking Iroquois for eight days in 1692; Percy Williams, the runner who overcame rheumatic fever to win two Olympic gold medals in 1928; Nellie McClung, who helped establish in court that Canadian women are indeed "persons"; painters Emily Carr and Tom Thomson; First World War fighter pilot Billy Bishop; humorist Stephen Leacock; naturalist Jack Miner; Dr. Norman Bethune, the great martyr-hero of China who developed the first mobile medical facilities for the field of battle; Marshall McLuhan, who died last week (see box page 16) and who altered the world's view of itself; the various medal winners and on and on and on. There are also living Canadians apart from Taylor who might stake their claims: Paul-Emile Léger, who forsook being a cardinal in 1967 to work with lepers in Africa; Jean Vanier, whose L'Arche movement operates more than 50 homes for the mentally handicapped around the world; Paul Henderson, whose series-winning heroics during the 1972 Soviet-Canada hockey series transcended the usual limits of sports.

Curiously, Canada's most internationally accepted historic hero, Gen. James Wolfe, who died at 32 during the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759, is far less acceptable at home, where even the first two stanzas of a song, *The Maple Leaf Forever* ("In days of yore, from Britain's shore,/Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came"), are often abridged and softened before anyone dares sing it in Quebec. "Canada seems to have trouble producing heroes," says Vancouver's Danny Power, an audio producer. "To be a Canadian hero someone has to touch the hearts of everyone both in Western and Eastern Canada. It has to be someone who's a good guy for everyone."

Sports heroes, though arguably not true heroes, have always been much safer in Canada. Here, talent is the measure of greatness, and Bobby Orr and Gordie Howe have been acclaimed within Quebec as Guy Lafleur and Jean Beliveau have been beyond. When Ontario-born Howie Morenz died in 1937 following a broken leg he suffered while in Les Canadiens uniform, the funeral was held at centre ice in the Montreal Forum, with 15,000 mourners in the stands and tens of thousands lining the streets outside. And yet, where the true hero's stature so often grows with time—need we mention Jesus Christ?—the sports hero is far more temporal. Their acclaim peaks at the same time as their athletic ability. One who understands this is Tony Gabriel, the Ottawa Rough Rider tight end who has been the sole Canadian over the past decade to be chosen top player in the Canadian Football League. He plows his fame back



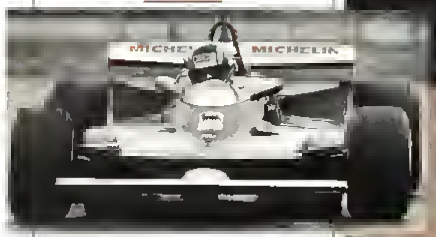
NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

Benjamin West's 'Death of Wolfe' (above), McLuhan (right), Banting serving us best by bringing people together





DANNY POWER





Villeneuve (above), Gordie Howe: a sports hero is far more temporal

into something like the March of Dimes, of which he is this year's honorary campaign chairman "When I finish, maybe next year," he says, "perhaps someone will still once in a while come up to me and ask for an autograph, just remember."

Sports are the most obvious, but this may well be the age of the special-interest hero, whether it be the women's movement (Flora MacDonald), business (Conrad Black), conservative (Sterling Lyon) or that peculiar group that believes the automobile has a role to play in sports apart from getting to out-of-town games (Gilles Villeneuve)

"When I think of heroes," says Naida Lindner, an English student at the University of British Columbia, "I think of someone who quit drinking after 20 years of being an alcoholic, or another who managed to rise above a rotten childhood People who've been heroes in their own private way." For Fredericton car dealer Bill Jones, heroes are "people who have been successful in their own endeavors," like Rowland Frazee, a fellow Maritimer who is president and chief executive officer of the Royal Bank of Canada. For Yvon Blondeau, head of a large Montreal security firm, heroes are found in the financial pages—"man like Bronfman." Winnipeg criminal lawyer Hersh Wolch looks up to Chief Justice Samuel Freedman of the Manitoba Court of Appeal Canadian heroes might be the likes of Edith Pinet, an Acadian midwife from northeast New Brunswick who has delivered more than 3,000 babies Or it might be Jim Gladstone, the former world calf-roping champion from Cardston, Alta , who acknowledges his heritage by passing up numerous far more lucrative rodeos when they conflict with much smaller native rodeos "Some of the smaller rodeos need help," he says. "And if I can, I do "

"Heroes are really very personal," says John Le Roy, a Vancouver anthropologist "Essentially, the heroic quest is an inner journey" He would find



Légar in Africa: believing in miracles

agreement from Gena Hahn, a professor of computer science at McGill University "It's easy to be heroic when you're angry or frightened, like a terrorist in a war, or when outside forces are pushing you, like with Ken Taylor It's much harder to push yourself from the inside to carry through what you've set out to do."

No Canadian will ever understand that better than Terry Fox The country has been left with an image of 10,000 people pressing in on him at Toronto's city hall, of policemen openly weeping. But beyond that image was the beginning, *inside*, the other 8,220 km required to cross the country seemed impossible, That first very painful practice kilometre made all the rest seem out of touch But he worked at it, 30 km a day for 101 consecutive days before he even thought of beginning "Every night you could see him hopping along in the early nights and rain," remembers Bob McGill, Fox's former high-school basketball coach and himself a former cancer victim "And there were no cameras, no television lights back then."

When the lungs gave in at Thunder Bay, he had gone 5,375 km By year's end, the contributions were still running strong—$20 6 million, at last count—and people like Wayne Gretzky were calling him "the bravest human being we've ever seen in this country."

"I'm not a dreamer," Fox said at one point during the run, "and I'm not saying this will initiate any kind of definitive answer or cure to cancer, but I believe in miracles I have to"

In the Bible, miracles are instantaneous, total and successful, but though Terry Fox has turned to reading the gospel and believing, a miracle for him is the coin-sized tumor in his right lung beginning to shrink His health may still be in doubt but his mission, at least, is complete. As for his stature, it is all spelled out in Timothy Findley's brilliant Canadian novel, *The Wars* "You see," Findley wrote, "he did the thing that no one else would even think of doing And that to me's as good a definition of a 'hero' as you'll get."

With files from Thomas Hopkins Wayne Skene Peter Carlyle-Gordge, David Folster, Geoff Hunt Tom MacGregor, Mark Budgen, Vic Parsons and Anne Beirne.

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The dreary retail retold

Despite year-end Christmas boost, 1980 was a poor year in the stores



T. Eaton's Toronto centrepiece: no magic reversals, just one more tough year in Canada's retail business

ERIC HAYES

It is an article of faith among retailers that Christmas sets a sales record every year. Santa Claus came late in 1980, but he did not disappoint, a last-minute surge in Christmas sales gave a small, but much-needed boost to what has otherwise been a dismal year for Canadian retailers. Says David Brodie, retail analyst for R.A. Daly & Co., "The typical fourth-quarter salvation is at hand."

Despite a two- to three-per-cent real (inflation-adjusted) increase in sales in November and December, retail sales growth for the full year (excluding food and cars) has been minimal, according to Alasdair McKichan, president of the Retail Council of Canada. At the end of June, the consumer confidence index was at its lowest level in the 20-year history of the index. Real disposable income per person (what is left over after food, fuel and shelter) declined in 1980 and interest rates peaked twice. Not surprisingly, consumers have shied away from so-called big-ticket items such as cars, furniture and appliances. At the same time, the postponement of large purchases left room for smaller ones and women's wear, for example, rebounded sharply from 1979. The exceptions to the generally gloomy national picture were Alberta and British Columbia, where sales growth has been 15.9 and 13.5 per cent respectively, far outpacing the national performance of 8.4 per cent. Says Frank Robertson, executive vice-president of Woodwards Stores Ltd., which owns 21 food and department stores in Alberta and British Columbia: "The economies in both these provinces are very strong. People are concerned about the constitutional and energy disputes with Ottawa, but there is absolutely no sign that it is interfering with their spending."



Montreal shoppers: nothing to cheer

While sales were nothing to cheer too loudly about in 1980, profits did recover slightly from 1979 when frenzied price-slashing was everywhere. Retailers were badly overstocked throughout 1979 and received a final blow at Christmas, when scanty snow in much of the country devastated sales of outerwear and sporting goods. Inventories were in trimmer shape in 1980 and snow arrived on schedule. Nonetheless, profit margins remained squeezed by fierce competition, and 1981 promises more of the same. Sighs Stanley Shortt, senior vice-president of The T. Eaton Company Limited: "There won't be any magic turnaround. It is going to be another tough year."

—GILLIAN MACKAY

Bay looks for a Zeller's market

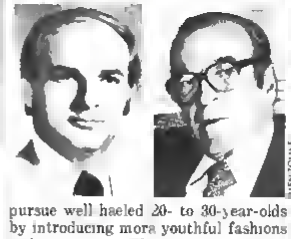
Two years have passed since the banner year of the Hudson's Bay Co., chartered more than three centuries earlier as The Company of Adventurers. In 1978, latter-day corporate adventurers raked in a dazzling array of conquests—the remaining 36 per cent of Markborough Properties, 57 per cent of Zeller's Ltd. and, finally, Simpsons, Ltd., the grande dame of Canadian department stores, won at a cost of $347 million. Seldom had the Bay appeared more powerful or its fortunes brighter than when it carried off the Simpsons prize, thus giving one company control over a remarkable 60 per cent of department store sales in Canada. The period since, however, has been a humbling one. The past two years, lean ones for all retailers, have been far worse for the Bay because of losses at Simpsons and high interest costs on an estimated $1 billion in consolidated long-term debt. Profit in the first nine months of 1980 was a scant $581,000, compared with $22 million a year earlier, and profit for the full year could be down by as much as one-third.

The acquisition of Simpsons has proved disappointing so far. Zeller's, on the other hand, has been so successful that the Bay is now going after the 43 per cent of the stock it does not already own. Two years ago, the Bay's offer of $10 a share was rejected by many shareholders as too low. Now, the Bay is proposing to merge with Zeller's at a price of $16.50 a share (the stock was trading around $12 before the offer). In an unusual show of independence by a subsidiary, the board of Zeller's is opposing the merger on the grounds that any price below $18 is insufficient. Leading the revolt is John Levy, the quiet but determined president of Zeller's who has engineered an impressive turnaround in the past few years. Says Rolph Huband, secretary of the Bay: "Levy has never been a great admirer of the Hudson's Bay Co. He always thought we were centralizing too much. ... We respect his independence. We have told him that the only change we would make is that separate financing would disappear. But I guess he doesn't believe it." Shareholders will vote on the merger, likely at the end of the month. According to Huband, the Ontario Securities Commission favors a "majority of the minority" test. This would mean the merger could not proceed without the approval of 50.1 per cent of the minority shareholders (the Bay is therefore excluded)—so the Bay's success is far from assured.

Bay shareholders could well wish that the Bay had put more money into winning Zeller's two years ago and forgone the temptation of bagging the bigger name of Simpsons. Then, Zeller's was on the upswing, while Simpsons was declining from its former pre-eminence in the East. The company was poorly managed and had failed to attract the affluent baby-boom generation to its stores, as it had their parents. The Bay take-over required Simpsons to disengage itself from Simpsons Sears, creating further problems. Simpsons has been weakened by the end of joint credit cards, shared delivery services, orders placed through Sears' regional outlets and Sears' Kenmore appliances. Simpsons' sales in 1980 have shown little growth over the previous year, a performance that Dick Davidson, executive vice-president of personnel and administration, hopes has bottomed out. Davidson and Charles MacRae, executive vice-president of merchandising and sales, are now heading Simpsons, following the recent departure of Ted Burton, the former figurehead president whose family controlled Simpsons before the take-over. The new strategy, which sounds much like the one that has worked so well for Eaton's, is to pursue well-heeled 20- to 30-year-olds by introducing more youthful fashions and more expensive merchandise. If Simpsons does succeed in broadening its appeal, the Bay may well recapture the taste of victory. If not, it will surely regret the results of overreaching ambition.

—G.M.





The Bay, Levy (below left) and The Bay's McGivern: fighting to finish a merger

ERIC HAYES

BRENDA E.

Office of the future delayed

After the blood of a corporate take-over battle, glory doesn't always follow. Barely two wrenching years after Northern Telecom Ltd.'s (NT) splashy entry into the U.S. electronic office equipment manufacturing market with the $248.5-million purchase of two U.S. companies, Canada's telecommunications giant has been forced to make a humbling admission: its acquisitions have not only turned out to be "disappointing" but, even worse, are worth considerably less than the price paid. NT's just-announced writeoffs and write-downs of $220 million—caused almost entirely by problems at its Northern Telecom Systems Corp. (NTSC) subsidiary in Minneapolis, Minn.—represent the final blow in what could almost serve as a textbook example of a take-over guaranteed to cause problems, no matter how ambitious and well-managed the parent company. When NT decided in 1978 to expand from its telecommunications base in Canada and the U.S. into the parallel but unfamiliar territory of computerized office equipment by buying up Sycor Inc. of Ann Arbor, Mich., and Data 100 Corp. of Minneapolis—two "hot" and competing companies—it faced what company officials now admit was a virtual checklist of pitfalls: entering a new and untried product line (office equipment) in a foreign country, attempting to combine two independent and previously competitive companies and changing its own management strategy abruptly in midstream. All this on top of the additional irritant that one of the two companies—Data 100—resisted the take-over.

The results have been painful. Dozens of senior managers left within the first year, while hundreds of other employees—1,700 in 1980 alone—were eliminated as the two operations were "rationalized." As the turmoil continued—NTSC is now under its third president in less than two years—existing products became outdated, with few new products slated to replace them until later this year.

Problems at NTSC have made a difficult first year for Walter Light, 57, who took over as chief executive officer of the Montreal-based parent after the U.S. acquisitions were already in place. In spite of this, he's optimistic about NT's potential as a leader in telecommunications-related office equipment.



Light: having to learn the hard way

FINANCIAL TIMES

While NTSC may be a blot on the balance sheet and will certainly depress NT earnings for 1980, it should not sully the long-term lustre of the Northern Telecom empire. Controlled by Bell Canada (55 per cent), NT is Canada's major contributor to high technology, spending more than $160 million in 1980 on research and development. NT is also the 47th-largest foreign and the 10th-largest Canadian investor in the U.S. Even the big guys, apparently, sometimes have to learn the hard way.

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM

The science of winning

Drug abuse is policed but athletes use their own recipes

By Hal Quinn

Few spectators at international track and field events have not gazed in wonder at the size and musculature of some of the women competitors. Their stature belies the nature of things. And since the 1967 European Cup, international meet and Olympic officials have put nature to the test. At that cup, Olympic champions and world record holders Tamara and Irina Press of the Soviet Union did not appear for the sex tests and dropped out of international competition. Ewa Klobukowska of Poland failed the test, the first of many who would. It was later revealed that Tamara Press was a hermaphrodite, having both male and female sex organs. Last month, 1932 and 1936 Olympic gold medalist Stella Walsh was shot to death in Cleveland. Shortly afterward, it was revealed that Miss Walsh was also a hermaphrodite.

In a world increasingly competing for the very sustenances of life, competition in the world of athletics has accelerated apace. "Everyone in sport is doing everything to be the best," says Canadian runner Penny Werthner. It's the sad part of sport—winning at any cost. More and more, "everything" has come to mean the use of performance-enhancing drugs, most commonly anabolic steroids (produced by molecular modification of the male hormone testosterone to reduce the male secondary sex characteristics). Theoretically, they reduce the output of protein and increase muscle-building—hence the massive women athletes and failed sex tests.

The female-focused controversy over use and abuse of anabolic steroids has not abated since the sex tests were introduced. This month, the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) introduced random anabolic steroid tests of its 39-member women's track and field team. "When a UCLA athlete is on the victory stand," said women's head coach Scott Chisam, "we don't want anyone to say that she won because of artificial means." UCLA's stance merely points to the dilemma facing athletes and doctors. Werthner, bronze medalist in the 1,500 metres of the 1979 Pan Am Games, says, "A coach of the Romanian women's team told me she didn't think women could run the





Stella Walsh in 1934 (above), Ewa Klobukowska in 1964, not always detected

1,500 metres in under four minutes *without* using steroids." The women's 1,500 metres world record is three minutes, 55 seconds. "I wouldn't use them, but when you are losing to people who you know are taking them it becomes very tempting," Werthner said.

Dr. Doug Clement of the British Columbia Sports Medicine Clinic sees it as "a real dilemma." He adds, "I am approached regularly by athletes striving for world-class levels. In the Eastern bloc there are official means, support systems, to facilitate their use and beat the tests [stopping dosages before events]. In the West they are illegal and there is no direct counselling of athletes on their proper use."

The frustration of Western athletes is heightened by the toothless sanctions applied to those who are caught. Seven Eastern European women failed tests in September, 1979, but were reinstated in time for the Moscow Olympics last summer. Points out Prince Alexandre de Mérode, chairman of the International Olympic Committee medical board: "That was a matter for the International Amateur Athletic Federation. The problem, too, is that anabolic steroids can not always be detected. And now some athletes are using testosterone. We hope to have a test for that in time for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles."

Athletes using steroids swear by them, but as Dr. Clement says: "There is no doubt that they improve performance on the practical level, but on the scientific level it is not so easily proved. In double-blind tests [one group receiving steroids, the other a placebo] results are almost the same." And as for adverse effects, scientifically or theoretically, anabolic steroids (more so with testosterone) have a masculinizing effect on women—voice musculature and body hair. In men they can lead to a decrease in sperm production, testicles may shrink or atrophy, and in both men and women they can cause an allergic reaction such as a chemical hepatitis. But as Dr. Marcel Hurtubise, medical adviser to the Canadian weight lifting team, says, "There are no real bad effects on a short-term basis. They can be a good thing if used properly." But in most Western countries, in most cases they are not. Athletes "use their own recipes," says Hurtubise. Says Dr. Clement, "I know one Canadian athlete who bought a suitcase full of injectable anabolic steroids on the black market in South America and brought back a large quantity with no idea how to use it."

Prince Alexandre de Mérode says the IOC can only "make general rules" and "hope to develop sophisticated tests to detect drug use." But the problem of the future, he says, is not drugs. "The intensity of training and competition alone can, for the athlete, produce high levels of trauma in the body 10 or 15 years later. Sport is supposed to be for health, but sport can also make you ill."

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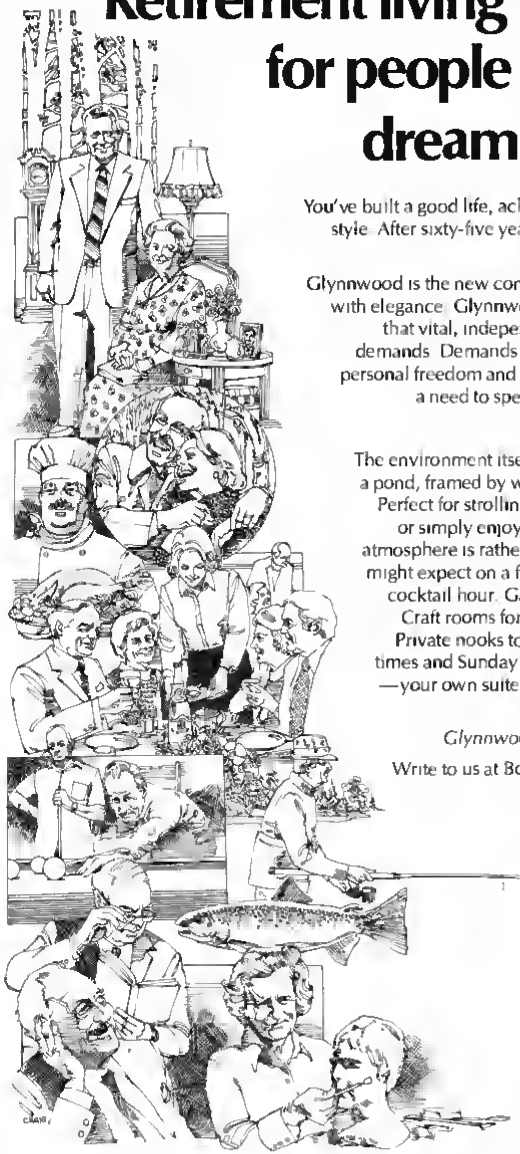
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TELEVISION

This camera shoots at the emotional jugular

The Kastner films hit home, and hard



Ross and John with Emmy: a power to persuade people to reveal their private stories

By Judy Steed and Ann Johnston

The camera follows the gay son of an ex-Anglican priest as he stalks the dimly lit corridors of a homosexual steambath. Wearing a towel around his waist, Peter Shaver—a self-styled "sexual revolutionary"—slowly passes by a series of tiny white cubicles in which naked men lie sprawled, displaying their wares. Towels draped over genitals are the only indication that what we are seeing has been carefully staged for television. At the end of the sequence, we watch enthralled as Shaver finally chooses his man, enters a cubicle, drops his towel, revealing his bare bottom to the camera, and closes the door.

This is a scene from a documentary, *Sharing the Secret*, the most recent epic on the human condition by the award-winning son-and-mother team, John and Rose Kastner. It is an intimate portrait of gay life which, true to the Kastner tradition, goes straight for the emotional jugular. Together they have patented an uncanny ability to probe the raw nerve of human experience, to articulate emotions with a potency almost unseen in the bland landscape of television. *Four Women*, the Kastners' 1978 Emmy-winning examination of breast cancer, demonstrated their power to persuade their subjects to bare their souls—and bodies—for the camera. In a remarkable scene, one patient was filmed in her bathroom, examining her body, displaying her mutilated breast. In *Fighting Back*, 1980's Emmy winner, television audiences watched four young leukemia victims suffer through chemotherapy and spinal taps, struggling to live and (with one exception) slowly dying while their families watched helplessly. In *Sharing the Secret*, a grossly overweight mother sobs, eyes dripping makeup, double chins trembling with the camera in a tight close-up. John asks her, "You have never seen your son and his friend actually kiss?"

Breast cancer, leukemia, homosexuality. Sitting in their living rooms, audiences are riveted as the Kastners train their cameras unflinchingly on these subjects, giving form and face to that unknown quantity that could be part of each viewer's future. These films are created to hit home, and hard. "We're not interested in subjects like cannibalism or pedophilia," says John. "It is the universal human stories that we care about. We're populists, not elitists. We don't go for psychiatric high-falutin stuff, and we're not making judgments. A New York distributor said to me, 'You have something very commercial: the ability to move everyone.'"

The question for some is whether the Kastners' films aren't a little *too* moving, flaunting the suffering of children, parading maimed bodies, violating sexual privacy. Ron Base, former television critic and now film critic for the *Toronto Star*, is disturbed by what he considers a "strong trend to real-life programming that emphasizes life and death situations. Shows like *Fighting Back* inevitably exploit a sensational element. It's like watching *That's Incredible*, a U.S. series in which a guy ran through a tunnel of fire and nearly killed himself. To me, that's ghoulish. The bottom line of my argument against *Fighting Back* is this: what do we learn from watching kids die before our eyes? I can't imagine, if my child were dying, that I would let the Kastners film it. It's grotesque." Peter Herrndorf, vice-president of CBC's English network, for whom the films are made, defended the approach. "It is John's perspective that's original. It sounds hackneyed but he—and Rose too—give people the courage to expose themselves on the air. John gets them in terribly intimate, painful, poignant moments and his work raises the question, 'Do we have any business going so forcefully into other people's lives?' His work is hotly debated inside and outside the CBC but these people have decided that they want to share their experience." In fact, the families in *Fighting Back* are the Kastners' strongest defenders, insisting that the filming was far from gruesome. "That documentary was all truth and Michael really enjoyed making it," says Nancy Cluff, whose brother

Michael died during the shooting. "It gave him something to live for before he died."

The Kastners are not only aware that their films make some viewers queasy—they expect it. "Oh I know that people say we're sensationalists," says Rose. "But we are all affected by cancer, by homosexuality. *Fighting Back* is the greatest film we will ever make. Cancer is worse than you can imagine. As soon as you find out, you become a leper. Those families felt so isolated, but they wanted to talk. Why not? It's part of life. As hard as it was, we paid attention when everyone else looked away." Their commitment doesn't end with the shooting: when *Fighting Back* won its Emmy in New York in November, John was so elated he immediately called Elaine Cluff, Michael's mother, from the lobby pay phone. Weeks later, he travelled to London, Ont., to present the involved families with an Emmy plaque to commemorate their participation.



TED RUSSELL





Kastner in 'The Singing Butcher' (above); Michael and Elaine Cluff: 'We are not interested in cannibalism or pedophilia'

This was only groundwork for his partnership with Rose. In January, 1976, his father, Martin, died and his mother, 51, plunged into "crazy things"—practising ballet for nine hours a day, for instance—to cope with her grief. That year, John suggested she channel her "explosive, obsessive energy" into projects with him, including *Four Women*. Now associate producer-researcher, Rose, says John is "larger than life, like a character out of a Russian novel." While raising four children—Susan, a thrice-married advertising executive, Peter, an actor and writer living in Los Angeles, John and Kathy, a television producer in Toronto—Rose also managed to write articles and love stories (mostly for Martin's company, Export Publishing), translate the plays of Bertolt Brecht with her husband, author a set of 357 football cards (although she had never been to a game) and study dance with José Limón and Martha Graham. A small plump dynamo, she bounces on her chair in the cramped CBC Toronto office she shares with her son, bragging of her powers to persuade people to tell their most private stories to the Kastner camera. "This may sound conceited, but I can get anyone I want on a TV program." This is easy to believe—her charm is quite lethal. Scouring the country for subjects for *Sharing the Secret*, Rose contacted 500 gays willing to be revealed and pruned the list to 50 for John to choose from.

There seems to be a double standard at work: for a couple who make their living on having others bare intimate secrets, the Kastners are notoriously tight-lipped about their own skeletons. Rose hints at illnesses, tells details only off the record, and John follows quickly to edit with a warning. "Rose told these things to other reporters and they all respected our privacy." The man who claims "We all like to pretend we are ordinary and boring but we all have a monkey on our back" is careful not to

While viewers and critics choose sides on the issue of the Kastners' morality, there is no denying that John, with two Emmys on his mantel, an Oscar nomination for *Fighting Back* likely to arrive later this month and offers pouring in from across North America, is one of the most innovative talents in Canadian television. At 33, his credentials are staggering: an actor who has appeared in hundreds of radio and television productions since the age of 8, co-host with Alan Maitland of CBC's youth current affairs radio program *Action Set*, at 20, a columnist for the Toronto *Telegram*, the youngest editorial writer in the country, producer of three shows for Screen Gems, including *Under Attack* and *Cross Fire*. Many will remember Kastner as the crazed creator of a series of candid vignettes on CBC's now defunct *90 Minutes Live*: *The Singing Butcher*, in which Kastner paid customers in a Vancouver meat market $5 to sing for their supper; *Corporal Martin's Singing Audition*, in which Kastner dressed the program's producer, John Martin, in a Mountie uniform and a leg cast and had him croon (off-key) in downtown Toronto, asking passersby to rate his voice.

That ability to manipulate others into making fools of themselves turned into a gift in his documentaries for probing a sensitive point without seeming to sit in judgment of his subjects. Glenn Sarty, executive producer of *the fifth estate*, remembers *About Face*, one of the first shows Kastner did after he joined the program in 1975, showing how people born with hideous deformities of the head could be helped by operations which crush and reform the skull. "It was a macabre story but John, in his inimitable fashion, transcended a rather grotesque situation by bringing out the overriding strength of character of his subjects. I don't know if I would go so far as to say he anticipated *The Elephant Man*, but it can be said that years ago John was showing that kind of sympathy for deformed people."



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reveal his own monkey, insisting he is just "an ordinary, stuffy guy who survived the '60s without smoking a joint or having a nervous breakdown."

In fairness, the Kastners gave veto privileges to the participants in *Fighting Back* but no one requested cuts. "Of course there is always the question during shooting, 'How far should we go?'" says Vic Sarin, a cameraman on all three shows. "But we are sensitive and it shows in the films." Despite months of preparation and conversation to gain the subject's trust, the shooting period is always unpredictable. "People don't spill the beans in five minutes," says John. "You have to tread very carefully, and it is slow and painful. Sometimes you roll film for 30 minutes before people will tell you their story. They need to feel their lives are more important than the documentary, that we will stop shooting and throw away the film if they so desire." Rocco Fermi (a pseudonym) had fears of being exploited in *Sharing the Secret*: "I don't exactly wave banners about being gay but I believed I had something to say and it is not often in life you get the opportunity to say it. The film is better than I thought it would be—I cried. John is quiet, he drinks in what you're saying and he mulls it over."

For Kastner, a self-confessed workaholic, who spends as long as 18 months on a 90-minute television program, who sacrifices his family life with his wife, Renée, for his work, the payoff comes when the subject starts to open up. "When it starts to happen, I soar. That is all I'm after. It is like I have reached past those magical barriers and a direct raw thing comes out from that person's experience onto the celluloid." With missionary zeal, Kastner is preaching that these experiences are meant to be shared, that they are not ghoulish or gruesome. "There is some tragedy in everybody's life but we traditionally turn away from pain and agony. Conflict and hurt are the stuff of human drama and we have to learn to live with these things."

Not the shadowy night town

SHARING THE SECRET: SELECTED GAY STORIES
CBC, Jan. 11

As subjects for his documentaries, John Kastner usually zeroes in on things that have their own irresistible if guilty fascination built right in. *Four Women*, on breast cancer, and *Fighting Back*, on childhood leukemia — Emmy winners both — were Cook's tours that sated all but the most voyeuristic viewers. In *Sharing the Secret*, his look at (mostly male) homosexuality, he seems to have chosen yet another subject rife with sensationalism, about which minds, however vacant, tend to be all made up. But the result is, on the whole, balanced and free of all but the most off-the-cuff editorializing, a look at a sexual proclivity shared by some 10 per cent of the population (according to the program) which will shock only those bound for their graves denying the facts of life.



Alice Murdoch (inset); Lea Murdoch and lover Steven: only rarely titillating

First of all, *Sharing the Secret*, except for one brief segment showing part of the stage act of Robin Tyler, a proselytizing lesbian comic, does not explore the world of gay women. It was not the original intention, but Kastner apparently decided that, although gay men and women share the rubric "homosexual," the psychology and mores of the two groups are so different that they constitute separate studies (another program on gay women is tentatively planned). It could be argued, too, that choosing men willing to be publicly identified as homosexual on national television constitutes an unrepresentative sampling, but Kastner has not ended up with a band of militant exhibitionists.

His subjects range from André Fortin, the "son of one of Canada's leading businessmen" (as though this were somehow surprising), who emerged uneasily into his adolescence punishing himself for the male fantasies he summoned, to Peter Shaver, "the sexual extremist" (an epithet that one doubts his heterosexual counterpart would be saddled with). In between are Lee Murdoch, who lives a staid and monogamous life with his lover, Steven, and Rocco Fermi, who would like the same arrangement but has cut his losses and settled for transient companionship in the hothouse ambience of the gay bars. It's the easiest thing in the world, while watching *Sharing the Secret*, to forget that it is about gay life, not simply life in general.

The best parts of the film are interviews with Murdoch's parents, Alice and Ken, who came slowly and painfully to accept their son's homosexuality. At first Alice thought, "That damn kid, you know, trying to get attention," but finally she came around with her boundless reservoir of common sense to admit that she "wouldn't want him to be any other way than the way he is now. Because he is who he is."

Despite its objective temper, the documentary occasionally falls into a conspiratorial mode again, and again, and yet again, we gawk at dancers in a gay bar who, except for the cowboy hats and bare chests, are intrinsically no more interesting than the crowd at your average dinner dance. And the camera positively yearns to titillate when it follows Peter Shaver, to the very moment when he drops his towel, through the corridors of a bathhouse. In a 90-minute documentary, these are only blemishes, but they seem curiously deliberate ones, as if there were a lingering regret that the homosexual world portrayed had not turned out to be the shadowy night town of society's most reckless imaginings. But then, such a world does exist, on the fringes—one that has drawn its share of exploiters. It's to Kastner's credit that, for the sake of accuracy, he has risked conventionality.

—BILL MACVICAR

Of self-made gods and men—two kinds of artist

Innovation in literature is not without its drawbacks

WALT WHITMAN: A LIFE
by Justin Kaplan
(Musson, $19.95)

JOHN DOS PASSOS: A TWENTIETH CENTURY ODYSSEY
by Townsend Ludington
(Clarke Irwin, $27)

It helps if a poet looks like an Old Testament god. Walt Whitman always had the appearance to go with his poetic image. Even at the end of his life he was described as a "beautiful old man" sitting in his bedroom, beard white and thinned, high forehead over mild and receptive grey-blue eyes, skin soft and rosy, a bowl of flowers next to him. But then Whitman always sang as much of the flesh as of the spirit, celebrating American earthiness with a gusto unequalled before or since. Though what today would be called his sexual orientation was uncertain—he remained a bachelor to the end—his poetry was the very opposite of repressed. He *celebrated* in ringing phrases, even to the point of bombast.

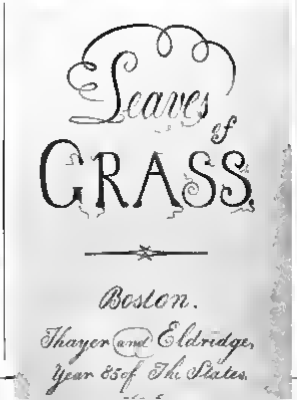




Whitman in his mid-20s (top), driving out with neighbor Bill Duckett, 1885: bombast



In 1887 (above), third edition of 'Leaves of Grass' in praise of the 'poet-chief'



In contrast, John Dos Passos, born four years after Whitman died in 1896, was a quiet and reticent man, soon bald, who found the macho antics of friends like Hemingway faintly ridiculous and distasteful. "I found myself, I don't know how, at a lot of bullfights in Pamplona," he remarked to a friend. A "love child" himself, he remained conservative in his own courtships, always turning the double room reservations the more liberated Hemingway made for him and his fiancée Crystal Ross into chaste separate chambers.

The recent publication of biographies of Whitman and Dos Passos underscores the differences between these two major figures of American literature. Though ultimately it is only their writing that matters, their participation in history (Whitman in the American Civil War, Dos Passos in the Spanish) gives their lives a literary significance of their own. Justin Kaplan's biography of Whitman is worthy of its subject in style as well as original scholarship. In purely stylistic terms it is more elegant than Townsend Ludington's account of Dos Passos, which is afflicted by a touch of high academic prose. Still it is Ludington's book that grips the reader more, partly because so little has been written about Dos Passos' life and partly because of the intrinsic fascination of his times—and their pertinence to ours.

Not that Whitman's times offer no parallels. His was an America threatened by secession and civil war over the issue of slavery. Some, like Daniel Webster, were so horrified by what they saw as the continuation of the European error of separate states locked in war that they would have preferred to compromise even on slavery for the sake of unity and peace. Whitman held with those for whom no such compromise was possible. His romantic vision of classic liberalism, akin to a religious faith, helped to create the climate for those ideals of freedom and equality we take for granted today.

Ideals notwithstanding, the poet of *Leaves of Grass* (his major work that he kept expanding and revising all his life) had a talent for dubious self-puffery equalling his real talent as a poet. If positive reviews of his work were lacking, he wrote and distributed them himself. A private letter of praise from Ralph Waldo Emerson turned up on the



Dos Passos shouts of 'get a horse!'

front pages of the New York *Tribune* as well as becoming the introduction to the second edition of *Leaves* During his tenure as a clerk at the department of Indian affairs, Whitman had the endearing habit of introducing himself to visiting Cheyenne, Navajo and Apache as "the poet-chief" If Whitman's personal style seems unworthy of his stature at times, so do the strength, logic and consistency of his ideas In this of course he is no different from many other major poets Great poetry makes its impact through fusion rather than fission, through synthesis rather than analysis

Too keen an intellect may not even be an unequivocal blessing for a novelist Dos Passos, the southern gentleman, cum laude Harvard, 1916, was an innovator both as a stylist and a thinker His literary experiments in *Manhattan Transfer* and the trilogy *U S A* broke ground for many of the stylistic components of the modern novel, such as journalistic collages and "faction," the weaving of actualities into the fabric of fiction But innovation in literature as in technology, is not without its drawbacks Early examples of new music or literature, like early cars, often break down and are greeted with shouts of "get a horse!" As Ludington implies, writers like Dos Passos, who cannot appeal to a wide audience over the heads of the critics and editors of the literary community, remain much more reliant for their reputation on the continued goodwill of their peers In Dos Passos' case, this goodwill was severely jeopardized by his disillusionment with militant Marxism too early Already in the '30s when the American literary establishment was still almost entirely in the grip of a fascination with communism, Dos Passos unwisely picked fights with Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Lillian Hellman, Hemingway, *The New Republic* and its coterie Points earned by his support of Sacco and Vanzetti and other solid left-wing causes became points lost by his refusal to close his eyes over such incidents as the murder of loyal socialists by the Communists in Spain He never recovered

Dos Passos died in 1970, alienated and largely forgotten by a new generation of critics and readers Posterity will decide on the ultimate value of his work But Ludington's biography makes it more difficult for posterity to pass by without a second glance at a writer whose life bears shattering testimony to the times which were his, and are now our own —BARBARA AMIEL

Much less here than meets the eye

SHADOW LAND
by Peter Straub
(Collins, $14 95)

New Englander Peter Straub, like New Englander Stephen King, is capable of writing stark cold horror—the kind worshippers of the genre love to spirit away and read quickly, inhaling fright and holding it in their lungs until it becomes brittle enough to shatter if so much as a telephone rings Straub's last novel, *Ghost Story*, was a classic horror tale so reminiscent of King's *'Salem's Lot* that it seemed almost to have been written by the master himself With *Shadow Land* Straub tries to go one better, forsaking the classic elements of horror for a convoluted, *Magus*-like nothing-is-quite-what-it-seems form of trickery complete with images piled so high and so haphazardly that finding a meaning is like trying to find your coat on a bed at a party

Cut down to its bones, *Shadow Land* is the story of an aging but malevolent-as-ever master magician ("What he saw, quite rightly, in magic was that it was antisocial, subversive ") who controls the lives of two 15-year-old schoolboys his nephew, Del, who is the obvious successor to his wealth of Dark Knowledge, and Del's best friend, Tom, who unknowingly possesses the power to eclipse them both The boys attend a second-rate prep school in Arizona where demented teachers, cruel seniors, a man in a trench coat and the mysterious theft of a priceless glass owl combine to make their lives first miserable and then stricken with an unexplainable panic When school ends, Tom decides to accompany Del to his Uncle Coleman's estate in Vermont sensing that this summer his friend will face a showdown as well as a show Straub obligingly warns the reader at this point that he is "back at the foot of the great narrative tree, where stories can go anywhere" and promptly goes straight into *The Magus* At the estate, Shadow Land, figurines bleed, dead men brutally hunt badgers in the night, wolves pace in torchlit woods and a girl in an old-fashioned dress comes out of a lake or do they? As Coleman wages a summer-long war of magic to preserve his status (although why he's afraid of losing it to the naive and unassuming Tom is never clear) the confused youth struggles not to compete with the magician but to discover the meaning behind the illusions "Think!" says our lady of the lake in frustration "You know, and he knows you know"

Even with such clumsy dialogue, Straub does manage a scare occasionally—especially when King's rotting corpse in the bathtub from *The Shining* reappears as the Collector, an amalgam of souls safely trapped behind the bathroom mirror until Tom pushes a button But to hold a reader enthralled, a book about a magician should be magical Straub's imagery—"A man with a face like a run-over dog and a woman whose head was a charred stump "—is anything but. "At the beginning it was even fun in a way I kept trying to figure out what it was all about," says Tom in summation No one could blame the reader who simply gave up —BARBARA MATTHEWS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1 **The Covenant**, *Michener (1)*
2 **The Ghosts of Africa**, *Stevenson (4)*
3 **The Key to Rebecca**, *Follett (2)*
4 **Firestarter**, *King (3)*
5 **Rage of Angels**, *Sheldon (5)*
6 **Joshua Then and Now**, *Richler (6)*
7 **Voices in Time**, *MacLennan (7)*
8 **Athabasca**, *MacLean (8)*
9 **The Third Temptation**, *Templeton (9)*
10 **Fanny**, *Jong (10)*

() Position last week

Nonfiction

1 **The Northern Magus** *Gwyn (1)*
2 **Cosmos**, *Sagan (2)*
3 **The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813**, *Berton (3)*
4 **The Chinese**, *Fraser (6)*
5 **The Little Immigrants**, *Bagnell (5)*
6 **Crisis Investing**, *Casey (4)*
7 **Lawyers**, *Batten (7)*
8 **The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide**, *Zimmer (8)*
9 **In Search of Man Alive**, *Bonnsteel (9)*
10 **Bull of the Woods** *Gibson and Rennson*

MUSIC

For the record

HUMANS
Bruce Cockburn
(True North/CBS)

Bruce Cockburn seems to be crawling toward his masterpiece Progress is steady but breakthroughs on the order of *Night Vision* and *In the Falling Dark* are far apart In the later '70s, Cockburn played Italy in a riot, toured Japan



PETER BEGG

Cockburn crawling to the celebration

to accolades and experimented with jazz soloists and reggae rhythms all the while more closely embracing an angry sort of Christianity At once quixotic and cautious, Cockburn's mixed passions give rise to his best songs, like the hit *Tokyo* and *Grim Travellers* here on *Humans* But Cockburn's daring doesn't carry across the whole album and his writing and singing still sound too home-made As a result, *Humans* continues to stir an expectant admiration of Cockburn, but it is still too early to celebrate him

LIVE!
Stringband
(Nick)

Singer-guitarist Bob Bossin has long steered Stringband toward topical songs and parodies on its several independently made albums Although the sidemen—lately Zeke Mazurek on violin and mandolin—have always been superb, Stringband tends to stretch verbally and constrict musically, aside from Marie-Lynn Hammond's more ambitious originals, which are too rare Recorded at their ninth anniversary concert last spring, *Live!* includes stirring visits by former members Terry King and Ben Mink and one of Bossin's best protest songs, *The New Talking Atom Bomb Blues*, but the record sounds more a keepsake than a collector's item —BART TESTA

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A leap from magic to the mainstream

Hypnotic therapy is far removed from stage gimmickry, but the connotation is still occult

By Sandra Peredo

The Svengali image dies hard. Last month, as 170 Ontario physicians, dentists and psychologists attended a three-day training workshop run by the Ontario Society of Clinical Hypnosis, the wife of an anesthetist expressed concern. "I want to know just exactly what my husband is doing."

The spouse education program, designed to make mates feel comfortable about living with a hypnotist, was a mini-echo of the actual workshop meetings where trainees—who had come to learn how to utilize the technique in their practices—were constantly reassured about *being* hypnotists. As representatives of the 400-member society prepared to deliver their lectures, they seemed compelled to stress that, as a therapeutic tool, hypnosis is far removed from stage gimmickry. No need to come to the office in flowing robes.

Hypnosis may be moving out of the "magical" and into the mainstream of therapy with applications as diverse as overcoming frigidity, control of bleeding in the operating room and pain cessation for cancer patients—but, as practising hypnotherapists realize to their dismay, the connotation is still occult. This image perhaps lingers the most among medical professionals who are trained to regard as suspect that which cannot be scientifically pinpointed. "Whenever I get a referral, it's always called 'relaxation,'" says George Matheson, chief psychologist at Toronto's Etobicoke General Hospital. "And it always means 'hypnosis.'" Although Matheson uses the technique with the knowledge of the hospital staff to help patients prepare for surgery or deal with anything from heart attacks to depression, "doctors don't always want to write it down and seem to be condoning it," he says.

The key problem is one of definition. No one knows precisely what hypnosis (from the Greek *hypnos*, meaning sleep) is, what its limitations are or why it works. What *is* known is that the tranee is an altered state of consciousness characterized by extreme relaxation and heightened susceptibility to suggestion. And that, despite its name, hypnosis is not "sleep" but a condition of intense alertness during which the mind can focus on those suggestions and will act on them either during the trance, when it is over, or both.

Although hypnotherapists contend that all hypnosis is really self-hypnosis and no one can be made to do something against his will, there are dangers. Getting stuck in a trance is not one of them. The main problem is that there are certain methods of coercion that a knowledgeable and not very nice hypnotic operator can employ. Since the decision-making faculty is not lost while in a trance, one ploy is to simply not let a person know there are decisions to be made. "You might resist my telling you to write me a cheque for $1,000," says Matheson. "There is a process that says 'I will' or 'I won't' do it. But if the decision-making can be momentarily reduced, you might. It won't be against your will, but it seems more appropriate."

Which makes hypnotists, according to some members of the Ontario Society of Clinical Hypnosis, possessors of a "dangerous power" to be wielded only by medical-type people with the good of their patients at heart. They are backed by the 1961 Ontario Hypnosis Act—the only such legislation in Canada—which outlaws stage hypnotism and the practice of hypnosis by anyone who is not a doctor, dentist or psychologist. "You know why," says one member of the society, very angry because he feels the act is unfair and doesn't believe doctors have a monopoly on ethics. "It's because anybody who isn't a doctor, etc., is an evil, malevolent person who's going to make you take off your clothes and rape you. In any case, there is a basic impotency in the law. How can you prevent people doing something that they can learn in 10 minutes?"

As well, it may be difficult to prevent the initiate from attempting to achieve the real "miracles" possible through hypnotherapy. Hypnosis is currently being used with great success to treat medical problems ranging from warts to backaches, migraines, arthritis, high blood pressure, peptic ulcers and asthma. One reason doctors worry about its use by non-medics is that, since the technique can be used to control pain, it may mask organic illnesses that should be treated by more orthodox methods. A "tension" headache could in fact be a brain tumor.

But as to the lack of ethics in non-medical people, that is a problem that seems, to date, to exist in legal terms only in Ontario. "My lawyers tell me that it might be interesting to challenge the Ontario legislation," says Jack Blackwell, an ex-salesman who for the past decade, with his wife, Gail, has run Alpha Self Development Clinics of Canada, the largest chain of its kind in North America, offering "hypnosis services" at nine outlets in B.C. and Alberta. It is unlikely, however, that Blackwell will bother with Ontario. "We're doing really well out here."

Although the Alpha clinics only treat medical problems like migraines with a doctor's referral, Gail Blackwell has been teaching women to undergo childbirth with hypnosis. "There was absolutely no pain, not even really any discomfort, and complete control over my body," says Lorraine Barner, now of Kingston, Ont., whose fourth child was born with Gail Blackwell's help. "Gail turned something that for me had been difficult—the birth of my first child was a horror story—into the most fantastic experience of my life."

Blackwell's method—she always works with a doctor and is usually admitted into the delivery room—is to program the patient over several weeks preceding the birth to relax and remove any subconscious resistance to birth contractions. "I tell them to imagine that each contraction is dilating the cervix," she says, "and that when it's time to push down, to visualize the baby moving through the birth canal. It's a very spiritual experience for them—sort of an emotional orgasm."

For the prospective client or patient interested in trying hypnosis, it really comes down to a guessing game. Sure there are unethical hypnotists—people who hang out a shingle to lure the unwary. Among them may be some doctors—there have been charges against medical practitioners who hypnotized their patients and then slept with them. And there are hypnotists who, like the Blackwells, are non-medical but seem to be responsible practitioners. Even George Matheson admits there is no real way to know. But, he says, smiling: "Physicians, dentists and psychologists are at least professional, if not competent. You can sue them for malpractice."



PAUL LITTLE



ERIC HAYES



ANDREW BAKO

Matheson (top right), Barner with daughter (bottom right); the Blackwells: the key problem is one of definition

Between haven and hell

Millions of illegal immigrants force a change in U.S. policy



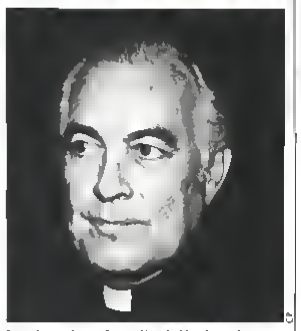
By Michael Posner

Call him Juan. His home is Pitiquito, a sleepy Mexican village, but there are no jobs for teen-agers in Pitiquito. Juan has heard the stories of America: uncles and cousins have been there before, working in fields and factories for excellent pay. Less than the minimum wage, perhaps—but then the employer does not ask to see official papers, which are forged. Pretty soon, Juan knows, he will go to America too.

Social phenomena are built on statistics, and Juan's are certainly impressive. According to the best estimates, from 3.5 to six million Juans are now residing illegally in the U.S. Several hundred thousand more arrive every year, flouting the conventional immigration process and straining the supply of housing, jobs and social services. If found, Juan will be deported, but for every Juan discovered two more slip through. The 3,200-km Mexican-U.S. border, across which most of the illicit traffic moves, is largely unpatrollable. What's more, no sanctions now exist for employers hiring illegal aliens, although they constitute 60 to 70 per cent of some industrial work forces. And the 10,000-member Immigration and Naturalization Service is simply ill-equipped to pursue the thousands of students and tourists—many of them from Canada—who overstay their visas. "The policy we have is not working," concedes Father Theodore Hesburgh, chairman of the Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy. "We have a million waiting for a visa to come in legally, and while they're waiting people are just walking over the border."

Immigration problems have lately come to occupy a prominent place on America's national agenda; this is not only because of the almost constant flow of undocumented Latin Americans, but because of last summer's remarkable influx of 150,000 Cuban and Haitian refugees. That migration provoked social tensions that have not yet abated, contributed to Jimmy Carter's electoral defeat and rivated attention to the enduring dilemma of immigration policy: reconciling the tradition of the open door with the sometimes injurious effects that instinct breeds.

Hesburgh's commission, nearing the end of a two-year investigation, will render its final report in March. Last month, it emerged from a penultimate policy session with some tentative recommendations. Among them: amnesty for aliens already living in the U.S., and criminal and civil penalties for employers who repeatedly hire unautho-



Immigrant workers (top); Hesburgh: flouting the conventional process

Tea, scones, berries, and cream.

as a child in Germany I remember it as Vespers a brief respite from the afternoon s activities when we enjoyed hot chocolate and ate|little cakes and wonderfully rich pastries I grew up thinking the custom was uniquely German but of course have since seen it done in many different ways in many different countries The English are certain they invented it, and whether they did or not, we must admit that they do carry it off with a delightful air of pomp and circumstance a feeling that I have tried to recreate at The Pearcy House The scones are piping hot from the oven, the cream is real Devonshire the tea is brewed in the most orthodox manner, and the sweets and pastries are delectable beyond words As for location what could be more delightful than a formal garden setting with hedgerows and topiary trees and sunlight streaming in through the glass roof overhead, and all around, beautiful light country airs played on the piano Tea at The Pearcy House What a marvellously civilized afternoon break

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Reagan: tacks on the welcome mat

rized workers. But the 16-member federal panel was deeply divided on a central proposal, urged by commission staff, for government-issued worker identity cards. Counterfeit-resistant, if not counterfeit-proof, these cards would allow employers to determine whether potential employees have a legal right to work. Without such a system, Hesburgh noted, "employer sanctions don't work very well." For civil libertarians, it would raise the frightening spectre of big brother—the omniscient data bank that would monitor the activities of aliens.

The policy debate has also been fuelled by chronic U S job woes One labor department study estimates that the unemployment rate would drop to four per cent if the influx of migratory workers could be halted Hardest hit have been American teen-agers, whose unemployment rate has been as high as 18.4 per cent. Yet many economists point to the benefits of illegal immigration. "People not only take jobs, they make jobs," says University of Illinois economics Professor Julian Simon. Simply by spending the bulk of their wages on goods and services, Simon notes, they help generate fresh job opportunities for others And the jobs illegals take are frequently the menial ones few Americans are willing to accept In some industries, notably hotels and restaurants, demand is such that companies will establish clandestine networks to aid illegal entry.

The problems, most observers believe, will get worse in the years ahead. In Mexico, 50 per cent of the labor force is underemployed—a compelling motive for fleeing Assistant Attorney-General John Shenefield predicts that in the next 20 years economic pressures may also force much of the Caribbean world to attempt to invade the U S.—for all its failures o haven still. It will soon be the unenviable task of the Reagan administration to somehow keep the doors open but lay a few tacks on the welcome mat at the same time ◇

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ADVENTURE

Chuting the world's wildest white water

Kayakers take on tumultuous rivers of Himalayan foothills

By Michael Clugston

"*Namaste*" The Nepalese greeting means "I salute all the goodness within you," a charming sentiment that seems fitting amid the delights of such a country: the meeting place of two great religions, Hinduism and Buddhism; two races, Caucasian and Mongol; and two civilizations, Indic and Tibetan-Chinese. And, of course, two massive plates of the earth's crust have rammed together there and pushed the ancient ocean floor into the sky—the highest land on the planet. The Himalayan peaks themselves are the obvious destination for men eager to know this clean, ascetic world. But in the past four years a new attraction has been found in the tumultuous rivers that hurtle down through the foothills. The meltwater of glaciers and blizzards mixes with the monsoon rains of summer and early fall to gorge the river valleys with continuous rapids which have shaped the new frontier for an international coterie of adventurers given to stirring their adrenalin with kayak paddles.

It is only since the mid-'50s that, with tough Fiberglas boats and schooled techniques, paddlers have been rewriting the definition of "navigable" on the world's rivers. The first Himalayan trip, in 1977—a descent of the Dudh Kosi River, flowing from Everest—was run by a team of seven expert British paddlers who left behind a trail of broken boats, but no bodies. Since then, there have been descents of three other Himalayan rivers, not all as forgiving as the Dudh Kosi. In 1978 a torrent on the world's second-tallest mountain, K2, drowned pre-eminent British paddler Dr. Mike Jones.







Eskimo roll (left); paddlers on the Marsyandi; panoramas of exploding waves

But now it is autumn, 1980, and another Himalayan river team of paddlers from Canada, Holland and the U.K.—the "first British expedition to Annapurna"—is about to begin its descent of a river called Marsyandi (which means "angry"). After seven days of lugging equipment and food up to 3,600 metres, where the river collects itself at the base of the massive Annapurna range and begins its race down to the Ganges, the expedition is ready to start. (It is actually barefooted porters, small men who shiver in the morning mists in their threadbare, grimy blankets, who carry the loads—60 pounds of gear plus their own food for $2 per day. Their average lifespan is 44, their per capita annual income $84.) Three years have gone into the planning and organization, $45,000 has been scraped together to make a television film of the trip, and the paddlers have spent months preparing for this moment. "I came to push my paddling skills and muscles to the limit," says Bob Smith, 25, a technical representative from Bristol, England.

The first morning of the descent begins like any other morning, a breakfast of hot porridge and *pashupati* biscuits taken at the portable dining table, while villagers—adults and children—stand and stare from three metres away. *Pashupatis* find their way into grimy little hands and threadbare pockets. Then it's time to warm up the muscles and break out the gear. The Nepalese look on in happy perplexity, shaking their heads in the characteristic crooked waggle of Nepalese bafflement—half nod, half broken neck. "*ramro*" (good, pretty), they murmur, fondling the colorful boats, helmets and life jackets strewn in the sand. After a careful scout, the first rapid of the day is summed up a technical grade four on a scale where grade six is madness. The adrenalin begins its slow drip and instructions must be shouted over the roar of the rapids. The paddlers have all read of Himalayan rapids, where the water moves at 30 to 40 km per hour, the frigid cold of glacier meltwater, and the scarcity of the calm stretches needed for rescues.

Gerry Collins, 27, the Irish champion of the early '70s, is easily the best paddler on the team. He peers at the S-bend rapid that forces the entire current to crash into a house-sized rock then immediately into a "hole," a sucking deep trough in the river that can grab and hold a boat like a great white hand. An Irish lilt can make almost anything sound attractive. "Oi 'tink de line," Collins concludes, "is to break out on de lef' above dat rock, ferry over to de wee eddy above de hole and drop tru' dat chute dere." Hit the rock or the hole and your $275 boat is a write-off. The paddler, too, will suffer.



Collins slips into his four-metre "Everest" model kayak—green, with a shamrock on the deck to match the one on his helmet—snaps on his spray cover, a rubber apron that keeps the river out of the boat, and shakes the tension out of his hands. Another paddler is ready downstream with a rescue rope. Forty onlookers—white and brown—watch tensely. One last squint downriver, and with two easy strokes Collins peels confidently out into the current in an exhilarating sweep, carving through the surges of the crystal, coruscating flow.

Large, fast rapids can appear unremarkable from the shore, especially when dwarfed by the incomparable Himalaya. So Collins has no sooner broken into the current than he faces a mystery, his clear "line" obliterated by the surprisingly high waves and unexpected scale of the river up close. A confusing panorama of spray, exploding waves and glistening rocks rushes up at him. A savvy guess in dodging a crosscurrent, a drawstroke to the right, a sweep on the left to miss a hidden rock, and 18 metres of river have flashed past. His boat shoots past the "house" rock at 30 km per hour when a reflex wave catches the edge of the kayak and instantly flips it upside down. He tips into the swirling, jarring world where wild currents have their roots. There is no up, no down, no more noise, just the helmet trying to yank free from its chin strap and the paddle, like a great captive bird, pulling wildly and urgently away from his grip. His nose is forced full of icy water just as he sweeps the blades around and breaks surface again with an Eskimo roll—a racer's quick recovery. His stern clips the edge of the hole as he is swept past. A close call.

The rest of the rapid is easy, but there are still 12 km before camp—and 130 km to the end of the river. Collins waves the next paddler on with a grin as the Nepalese clap their hands, laugh and shout "*badhi, badhi*" (more, more).

High above the river, on the rim of the hill, the expedition's porters move along under their loads. One is carrying the 15 spare paddles, worth about $75 each. A $30 helmet bangs against his old black cooking pot, in which the man's inevitable rice and millet meals will be cooked: the trappings of poverty clanging with the trappings of frivolity. The little brown men, barefoot and bent under the packs, pass over the hill and out of sight.

Porters carrying kayaks (above); and paddler playing in the rapids (top): the trappings of poverty clanging with the trappings of frivolity

COLUMN

Go sell it on the mountain



The economy's in disarray, the stats are gloomy, but all's well at Whistler

By Allan Fotheringham

There is dispuzzlement. The country's economy falters and stumbles. The financial experts cry woe. The pundits predict disaster. The opposition parties force emergency debates. But at Whistler Mountain money oozes from the ground, it soars in architectural shapes, it slides down the slopes, money crawls out of the kitchens, money comes on four-wheeled drives and blasts out of the stereos, money sticks to the trunks of the trees. Oh depression where are you? Recession thou never worked Whistler would make you weep.

Whistler is an oasis of wealth 120 km north of Vancouver, proof positive that the dour prognosticators know not whereof they speak. The statisticians are looking in the wrong places, those auto plants in Windsor, those unemployment lines in Hamilton Come, Stats-Can, to Whistler to see how British Columbia plays and spends, spends, spends. It is awesome, commanding respect, to see so much money coming out of the hills, renewable as is the grass. The visitors prance about on their cowboy heels, adding to the gross national product. They zip down the mountain, Technicolor streaks against the snow, guardians of our fiscal integrity, selflessly keeping the dollar afloat. Without Whistler, the nation's coffers would wither and die.

The genius bringing about this salvation of the Canadian currency comes, appropriately enough, with the mating of Hollywood and the Taxpayer. The newest aspect of the Whistler opulence—development of a whole new mountain, Blackcomb—is a joint operation of Twentieth Century-Fox and Ottawa's Federal Business Development Bank. It is only proper. The illusion of the film world melded with the illusion of fiscal responsibility. Twentieth Century-Fox's Aspen Ski Corp., which has made that Colorado resort the hedonism capital of the world, has been given a 50-year lease by the B.C. government to work magic with Blackcomb along with its partner, the feds' bank. It is a marriage made in snow heaven.

Unemployment figures rise. University panels discuss them earnestly. Whistler sits in the valley of five lakes—Alpha, Nita, Alta, Green and Lost—two of them connected by the aptly named River of Goldan Dreams. It is the river of condominium dreams, one side containing the White Gold Estates (including Nancy Greene Drive), the other side the modest ski chalets of Alpine Meadows, microwaves and bidets. The new Whistler Village, set on 58 acres between Whistler and Blackcomb, rises splendiferously like a Flash Gordon version of a Bavarian ski town. Some $220 million has been invested so far, with phases II and III yet to come. There are soaring turrets, clock towers, flying buttresses, steeply banked roofs, tons of stone and copper and angled glass. At night, it looms out of the valley darkness, lights gleaming, like some giant battleship come aground. The Trapp family would freak out. It is Sun Valley updated to the 1980s, the railway barons of the past who built ski resorts replaced by John Q. Public and men from movie financing who wear tinted shades and $40 worth of haircut. The federal-provincial Travel Industry Subsidiary Agreement has provided a $9-million grant, partly for a pleasure centre which, along with racket courts, pool and concert hall, will include an Olympic-sized skating rink which will convert into summer tennis courts. Arnold Palmer has designed the golf course. Editorial writers deplore the rise in the consumer price index.

In condo-world, the economy is invisible. Tantalus. Windwhistle. Brandywine Park Lodge. Wedgeview Centre. Hearthstone. (Arthur Erickson-designed) Sauna Whirlpool. A nice one? Try for $200,000 once constructed. The deli in Whistler Village features Romanoff caviar, canned kumquats and chocolate-covered grasshoppers. The bag lunch packed for skiers is a special gourmet lunch. Roughing it in the wilderness. The covered parking for condo guests reaches three storeys underground. Interest rates soar and Governor Gerald Bouey quivers.

Whistler is a monster of a mountain. To reach it requires a spectacular, twisting cliff-side sprint along one of the B.C. fiords, as beautiful as the Amalfi Drive south of Sorrento, and then a portage through a canyon which resembles the face of the moon. The mountain intimidates. One ski run is 11 km long. Thirteen-year-olds rocket by, every one of them with $1,000 worth of designer pastels on their backs. The $200 moulded plastic boots resemble a piece of modern sculpture stolen from the art gallery. Whistler is named after marmots that live in the upper region of the mountain. The marmots cower at the colors and shield their eyes. A helicopter whisks jaded skiers to the glacier above. Pierre Trudeau will make his annual pilgrimage here in February. Spiffiest of all the skiers are the Japanese, straight in from Tokyo with entire family, tape decks strapped to their chests, earphones blasting John Lennon into their heads as they boogie down the mountain. It is the newest fad of the high-speed skier, enclosed in his own cocoon of sound, with Beethoven or the Grateful Dead, as he sails through the powder snow wrapped in stereo, oblivious to all around, oblivious to the cares of the world, oblivious to Gerald Bouey and all those gloomy statisticians. Where does all the money come from?



Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.



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